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THE WAR.

THE surrender of OSMAN PASHA has produced a certain shock, as of surprise, although it had been long foreseen. His defence of the fortress which he had created ended worthily with a gallant effort which must have been regarded by himself as almost hopeless. When his army was starving, he at last attempted to force his way through the besieging force to Widdin; and he only surrendered when resistance was almost impossible. His courage and loyalty will be rewarded by the respect of enemies and of strangers, though it may be doubtful whether he has displayed the highest form of military ability. Only professional writers are competent to express an opinion on the expediency of selecting Plevna as a stronghold, when it would have been equally feasible to fortify Orkanye, or some other place nearer to the Balkans. There is no doubt that OSMAN PASHA has caused the Russians the loss of many thousands of men, and of time which might have been occupied in taking the Danubian fortresses or in advancing on Adrianople. On the other hand, the obstinate resistance of Plevna has in some sense done the Russians service by impressing upon them the necessity of employing capable generals, and of devoting all their resources to the war. But for the repulse of the assaults in July and September, the Guards might perhaps not have been brought into action; nor would General TODLEBEN have been invited to supersede less capable favourites. The final triumph, including the capture of an entire Turkish army, is perhaps as valuable as any other success which could have been attained in the same time. Future generals will learn from the precedents of Metz and of Plevna the danger of allowing an army to remain too long in a strong position when there is no reasonable prospect of relief from without. There was a time when OSMAN PASHA could have marched almost without opposition to Sofia or Widdin; and he might then have created another Plevna, and compelled the enemy to repeat his costly efforts. It is something to have maintained the honour of the Ottoman arms, and to have proved that the shades of the BAJAZETS and AMURATHS have no need to blush for after generations. The Russians have the good sense and good taste to recognize the valour of a defeated adversary; as indeed it is always the interest of a conqueror to recognize the greatness of the obstacles which he has overcome. Suspicious minds will perhaps discern in the courteous magnanimity of the EMPEROR an indication of the purpose of negotiating separately with the Porte. OSMAN PASHA had apparently the power of exercising a commanding influence over his soldiers, who belong to the bravest and most patient of races. The reports of their hardships, though they had been officially contradicted, seem not to have been exaggerated; and it is in one sense satisfactory to know that the captives will be in no danger of starvation.

The catastrophe of Plevna explains the recent movements of MEHEMET ALI and SULEIMAN. Both generals had probably been informed of the intended sortie towards Widdin; and they naturally wished, if possible, to create diversions in favour of OSMAN PASHA. MEHEMET ALI had probably enough to do in checking the advancing columns of General GOUKO; but in recent combats he appears to have obtained some advantages. SULEIMAN PASHA on his side seems to have displayed considerable skill in his demonstration against the left wing of the CZAREWITCH, and his final attack on the right. The Russians admit

a serious loss in the combat or battle of Elena; and they naturally expected an immediate advance upon Tirnova. It may now be conjectured that, knowing the insufficiency of his force, SULEIMAN had never intended a decisive attack on the enemy. His object would have been attained if he could have compelled the Grand Duke NICHOLAS to weaken his army for the purpose of sending reinforcements to the Lom. A day or two after the capture of Elena, SULEIMAN PASHA was said to be engaged in an inspection of the works at Rustchuk, as if his presence in the field was no longer required. It is possible that he may have done his best to afford loyal support to his hard-pressed colleague; but, after his perverse conduct in the Shipka Pass, it will not be surprising if his proceedings are regarded with suspicion. The Russians have, in the early part of the campaign, committed several blunders, of which the gravest were the repeated assaults on the fortifications of Plevna; but the Turkish generals, who could less afford to lose an opportunity, have missed their only chances of considerable success. They might have delayed the invasion indefinitely by a vigorous resistance to the passage of the Danube; and SULEIMAN PASHA, when he had landed in Roumelia with a large force of veteran troops, might have given a temporary superiority over the enemy either to MEHEMET ALI or to OSMAN. Yet the final event of the war was probably inevitable. Fortune is, as ever, on the side of numbers, and the Russians have the advantage in abundance of supplies, and perhaps in the skill of their generals. In Armenia, as in Bulgaria, the invaders appear to have learned wisdom from their early failures. The great defeat of MUKHTAR PASHA was effected not only by preponderance of force, but by skilful movements vigorously executed. The capture of Kars, if it was not facilitated by treason, was an extraordinarily brilliant exploit. In almost all departments of human activity good fortune brings with it ability to play a winning game. The defeated cause may be dear to the moralist, but the victor is conscious of resources which may almost seem to him supernatural. If the war continues, the Russians have probably few reverses to apprehend.

The fall of Plevna has revived the alarm and renewed the urgent appeals of the advocates of English intervention, or, in other words, of war. When it was known that Armenia was virtually conquered, the English Government was reproached with an apathy which must have been equally blamable at the beginning of the war. It was then generally believed that the Russians were about to make their principal effort in Asia; nor was it thought that MUKHTAR PASHA would be able to offer serious resistance. It seems that both MEHEMET ALI and MUKHTAR PASHA are to be superseded by generals who have given no proof of warlike capacity. The intrigues of the Palace probably account for changes which can scarcely be prudent. It is not impossible that the SULTAN's advisers may be anxious to get rid of commanders who are too much in earnest. A neutral who intends to become a belligerent, in preference to allowing the conquest of a country or a province, ought in prudence to interfere in time to avert the threatened danger, and not to wait until the first resistance has been overcome. With aid in arms, in money, and officers, and with an English force relieving the garrisons of Trebizond and Batoum, the Turks would probably have defended Armenia successfully, even if they had not invaded Russian territory. It would be a more arduous

task to expel the conqueror from the region which is now in his possession. No reasonable or patriotic Englishman regards with satisfaction the possession by Russia of the upper valley of the Euphrates; but the neutral policy which was approved by the great majority of the people involved the contingency which has actually occurred. The same considerations apply to Bulgaria, which is now at the mercy of the invader. The Russians crossed the Danube without opposition on the part of England; and they will now effect the object of their original enterprise. Much might have been said in favour of a renewal of the policy of the Crimean war, especially if it had been now possible to obtain the alliance of France. Every element of the calculation was present to the minds of reflecting politicians, and of the Ministers with whom the decision rested. Nothing has since happened to affect a decision which was on the whole just and expedient. According to the French proverb, a desire of the end includes approval of the means, and conversely acquiescence in the means implies toleration of the end. If the balance of English interests has not required war with Russia up to the present time, Kars and Plevna suggest no reason for a reversal of policy. The blustering of the Russian press, which has now abandoned the hypocritical pretence of religious and ethnological sympathy, may be contemptuously endured. Menaces of chastisement to the criminal nations of England and Hungary, and of Cossack marches through the plains of India, are not even provoking. If there were any use in bandying reproaches where it is not convenient to interfere with arms, the flagitious conduct of Servia at the instigation of Russia might be denounced with better reason. The Roumanians had no pretext for making war, and no motive except the lawless appetite for aggrandizement; but Prince CHARLES had not, like Prince MILAN, sued within a few months for the peace which is now to be wantonly violated. The Servian declaration of war against Turkey will be an affront to England and to Austria which urged upon Turkey the condonation of last year's misdeeds. As Austria thinks fit to follow the lead of Russia, England is for the moment powerless.

MARSHAL MACMAHON'S SURRENDER.

MARSHAL MACMAHON has lately been trying on how little, in the way of political sustenance, France can live. For six months she has got along without a Parliamentary Ministry, and now for more than a week she has got along without a Ministry at all. Two days ago it looked as though the next step would be to prorogue both the Chambers, by way of proving that she could also get along without a Legislature. After this there would have been nothing left for the MARSHAL to do except to dismiss his private secretary, in order that, with nothing interposed between him and the nation, the two might at last come to an understanding. One obstacle, however, stood in the way of this happy settlement. France has shown a surprising capacity for doing without institutions, but the MARSHAL has not proved to possess an equal capacity for doing without money. It is one thing to submit to be governed by a soldier entirely devoid of political capacity, and another thing to find him means wherewith to exhibit his mental destitution on a larger scale. There was no obvious reason why the Chamber of Deputies should vote the Budget—at all events, why they should vote it, except in small sums and for really pressing necessities; and there were abundant reasons why they should not vote it. The worst thing that could follow upon their refusal was that the Senate might be frightened at their audacity, and vote for a second dissolution. No doubt such a step might have provoked very grave disasters. But the result of voting the Budget would have been quite as mischievous. If the MARSHAL could have commanded as much money as usual, he would have had no motive left for abandoning the contest with the Chamber. His Ministers would not have been able to pass any Bills, except such as the Cabinet chose to carry by a further resort to the threat of dissolution; but this is not a circumstance that need have troubled them. Their object in being in power would not have been to inscribe their names in the statute-book, but to instil sounder principles into the electors. The prefects and sub-prefects would all have been kept in their places, and they would have been able to point to the weakness or timidity of the Chamber as a sufficient reason for returning deputies in future of a complexion friendly to the MARSHAL. In point

of fact, the old sneer of the Right, What good will your Radical Chamber do you when you have got it? would have been completely borne out by the event. The constituencies would have felt that they had been deserted by those whom they had sent to defend their interests at Versailles, and that the course of Parliamentary government had been betrayed by its own champions. There is not the slightest ground for believing that the Chamber of Deputies contemplated any such mistake. They might have passed a vote on account at the end of the year just to keep the services—military, naval, and civil—from falling into disorder, but that would have been all. The MARSHAL would have looked in vain for his own salary, and his subordinates of every grade in vain for theirs. It was feared indeed that the Senate, seeing the MARSHAL reduced to this extreme of penury, would not only have voted a dissolution, which would still have left an interval during which the taxes could not legally be collected, but would also have passed a resolution authorizing their collection without the consent of the Chamber of Deputies. But, from a constitutional point of view, taxes collected at the sole pleasure of the Senate would have stood exactly on a level with taxes collected at the sole pleasure of the MARSHAL; and the Orleanist Senators would probably have argued that the violation of law had better come from the MARSHAL, from whom nothing else was expected, and who consequently had nothing to lose by doing what was expected of him, rather than from the Senate, which had still some shreds of constitutional character left which it would lose by needlessly associating itself with the MARSHAL's acts.

It is now plain that neither the first nor the second negotiation with the Left was intended to lead to the formation of a Parliamentary Ministry. The object was rather to prove to the Senate that a Parliamentary Ministry was impossible. In the first instance, the MARSHAL's advisers thought they had gained their end by investing M. DUCLEUX's remarks with a wholly imaginary authority. M. DUCLEUX thought that the Left might make such and such stipulations, and told the MARSHAL so. The MARSHAL did not stop to see whether the Left would make such stipulations; he preferred to take them as made, and forthwith to publish his rejection of them. No one seems to have remembered that the Left were equally able to publish their disclaimer of the stipulations imputed to them. When it appeared that the MARSHAL had not been at the pains to ascertain what the Left really wanted, the Orleanist Senators gave him to understand that they did not yet see any cause for voting for a dissolution. The MARSHAL's friends thereupon devised a new plan. The object being to throw the blame of the final rupture on the Left, it occurred to them that it would be good policy to move the MARSHAL to send for M. DUFAURE, who is greatly disliked and suspected by the Extreme Left, and might in consequence fail to form a Ministry. This was a more ingenious plan than the other, and it is by no means certain that, now that M. DUFAURE has after all been allowed to form his Ministry, he may not encounter an opposition in the Chamber very similar to that which proved fatal to his former Administration. In the first instance, however, the reactionary party were in too great a hurry to wait for this. They had hoped for an explosion of opposition on the part of the Extreme Left at the first mention of M. DUFAURE's name, and, when this did not come, they began to fear that they might be caught in their own trap. As the Left would not reject the idea of a DUFAURE Ministry, the MARSHAL had to be moved to impose conditions which M. DUFAURE would be obliged to refuse. Accordingly, when M. DUFAURE presented his list of Ministers, he found that the MARSHAL would not allow him to choose the Ministers of War, Marine, and Foreign Affairs. There were special reasons why the Left should resent an attempt to exempt two of these offices from the ordinary conditions of Parliamentary control; but, apart from this, the history of previous Liberal Cabinets has shown that the most fatal of all impediments to good government under the present French Constitution has been the fact that, though the MARSHAL's Ministers have changed, his advisers have remained the same. The existence of a little Cabinet chosen by the MARSHAL inside the larger Cabinet chosen by the PRIME MINISTER would inevitably have led to the perpetuation of this state of things. Nor, as regards the particular offices named, was there any reason for the MARSHAL's claim to keep them in his own hands. The administration of the navy has never come into dispute; the Left, as a

whole, are quite as resolute as the Right that the army shall be strong; and war, if it comes at all, will come from the policy which the Legitimist and Clerical Right would like the Government to pursue. The theory that, if the chiefs of these three departments were taken from the moderate Left, there would be any breach of continuity in the administration of them, is absurd on the face of it. Happily the MARSHAL's latest resolution has once more defeated all the speculations of his partisans. M. POUYER-QUERTIER is credited with having been the useful instrument of bringing about this change. He was shocked at the troubles which resistance threatened to bring, not upon France, but upon the MINISTER OF FINANCE. He represented to the MARSHAL the pecuniary responsibilities in which all persons concerned in the illegal collection of taxes would inevitably be involved, and declared plainly that he, at all events, did not mean to mix himself up with any such transactions. For the first time it seems to have dawned upon the MARSHAL that he was being led on to act in avowed defiance of the law, and his first and most natural instinct was to retire from office. He has been persuaded, with doubtful kindness, not to take this extreme step, and the experiment of a Left Centre Ministry is once more to be tried under M. DUBAURE's guidance. It is yet to be seen how this expedient will be welcomed by a majority in which the Left Centre is neither the largest nor the most important element.

MR. HARDY IN SCOTLAND.

MR. HARDY has been down to Scotland in order to blow a counterblast there to Lord HARTINGTON's oratory. The leader of the Opposition in the Commons appears to have produced a greater effect than could have been anticipated. He has made all the Cabinet think of him and talk of him and set themselves to answer him. They all say the same things, for there is nothing else to say. They urge that the Conservatives are united and the Liberals are divided, that the Conservatives are men of stern principle and the Liberals men without principle, and that the present Ministry has carried a variety of nice little measures. It is a great compliment to Lord HARTINGTON that Minister after Minister should go through all this, time after time, simply because Lord HARTINGTON had thought fit to ask his party to unite on what it had in common and to sink its differences. The remark of Lord HARTINGTON that the Conservatives legislate for classes rather than for the nation also appears to exercise profoundly the Ministerial mind. Put nakedly, it is an exaggeration, as are almost all epigrammatic political sayings; and it is quite true that nine measures out of ten necessarily affect one class, or some classes, more than others. Mr. HARDY, for example, is quite right in saying that the Irish Land Act was a measure in favour of the special class of Irish tenants. Were it worth while to pursue the argument closely, it might perhaps be shown that, while all measures affect some classes more than others, the tendency of Liberal Governments is to attack special classes, and that of Conservative Governments to protect special classes. But, for the moment, we may be content to notice, not so much what Lord HARTINGTON said, as the impression he created. The Ministry may be supposed to understand its own business, and it evidently considered that at last it had been subjected to an attack which was really serious. The place where the attack was made also seems to have given it a character of increased gravity. Mr. HARDY professed to have thought it very hard that Lord HARTINGTON should have gone down to aid in wrestling from the Conservatives the few seats they hold there. But Lord HARTINGTON had other reasons for making a formal declaration of policy in Scotland besides that of winning, if he could, a few Scotch seats at the next election. A speaker must think of the atmosphere in which he speaks, and the atmosphere of Scotland is more favourable to a Liberal leader than any other. He knows that he has the great bulk of the people prepossessed in his favour, and the difficulties which attend the advocacy of many Liberal proposals are, as it happens, little felt in Scotland. The extension of the franchise, which might weaken the party in England, could not fail to strengthen it in Scotland. Scotch provincialism naturally allies itself with every increase of local self-government, and in Scotland disestablishment means the disestablish-

ment of a Church to which almost the entire gentry is alien, and which is only one of many Protestant sects. On the other hand, nowhere is Liberalism so much troubled as in Scotland by both local jealousies and the pettiest municipal rivalries. The entreaty of the new Liberal chief to think little of little things was especially pertinent, and it was as likely to be efficacious as a general agreement on greater things could make it.

Mr. HARDY ventured on the statement that the Conservative party has remained unaltered, and that his followers are as good Tories as their fathers and grandfathers. At any rate, if the rank and file have not been educated, their leaders have, and conduct the affairs of the country in a spirit of mild Liberalism. It is not easy to see how Conservatives, now that the alleged calumny of Mr. MILL has been refuted, and they have been ascertained not to be duller than their neighbours, can think that there is any serious difference of principle between such men as Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE and Lord HARTINGTON. Nor can it be fairly said that the leaders of one party are characterized by having political principles, while the leaders of the other shine by having none. The principles of either set of men may be right or wrong, but they are just as much principles in one case as the other. With regard to local self-government the principle of both is to praise self-government in the abstract as something truly English, and to wait to see what the other side proposes in order to ascertain how to outbid it. No leader on either side has given the faintest clue to what he understands by the proposed change, and local self-government may mean anything from an enlargement of Vestries to a modified Home Rule. With regard to the county franchise, we have a sort of principle laid down by Mr. GLADSTONE that all people of the same flesh and blood ought to be able to go to the same polling-booth. Mr. LOWE, again, argues the question stoutly on definite and serious principles. But where is the Conservative leader who does as much? Mr. HARDY kept silent on the topic. He either had no principles to enunciate or he concealed them. The only recent utterance on the part of the Government has been that of Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, whose line was that the extension of the suffrage must come, but that by adroit manipulation boroughs which returned Conservatives might be saved. Anything less like a declaration of principle cannot be imagined. Lord HARTINGTON, in speaking of disestablishment, laid down the principle that the existence of an Established Church ought to depend on its acceptance by the majority of a nation. He was certain that the majority of the English nation was in favour of Establishment, but he was not sure about Scotland. In fact, he may almost be said to have damped the advocates of Scotch Disestablishment rather than encouraged them, for he cast on them the burden of showing that the majority of the nation was with them. Mr. HARDY laid down the principle that Scotch Establishment was to be upheld as a bulwark of English Establishment. It is to exist in order that something else may exist. If this is to be called a principle—and it is not to be denied that local must often be postponed to national considerations—at any rate it is no more a principle than Lord HARTINGTON's principle is one. The excellence of the Conservatives, indeed, seems to lie much more in not having principles than in having them. There is hardly anything they oppose, but they strive by adroitness and by a wise insistence on historical traditions to mitigate the action of those who are striving to carry out principles in too rigid a manner.

Mr. HARDY probably interested his hearers much more when he touched on the war than when he was treating of home politics. To any one who hoped that Mr. HARDY would make a revelation of Ministerial policy the speech must have been disappointing. Speakers like Lord JOHN MANNERS and the SOLICITOR-GENERAL, who can say what they please without committing any one but themselves, can afford to hint that England will soon take a more active part than she has done hitherto; but Mr. HARDY was obliged to confine himself to safe generalities. Every one will agree that England ought to protect, and will protect, her own interests; that we hope and believe we have got an effective fleet and a well-officered army; that no military despot shall cut us off from any of our dependencies or colonies; and that England will have more or less to say when the terms of peace are under discussion. This was all very proper for a Minister to say, and Mr. HARDY said it. But for any practical purpose, he might just as well have sung "Rule

"*Britannia*." No doubt, when an unmistakable interest of England is unmistakably threatened, all Englishmen of all parties will be ready to defend themselves. The real point at issue is what are the unmistakable interests of England, and when, if at all, can it be said that they are unmistakably threatened. The Ministry has rightly judged that the war does not at present concern us; and when it may possibly concern us, and, when it does, what we are to do, are as yet merely speculative questions. The Ministry, although some of its members may have seemed to hold more warlike language than others, has never wavered in its main conclusion that peace is the first of English interests, and that we are not to be alarmed by fanciful alarmists. Mr. HARDY, while adopting this policy as his own, paid a graceful and merited tribute to the support which he and his colleagues have received from the recognized leaders of the Opposition. His speech was, indeed, characterized by much of that amiable courtesy which, to the credit of the present Administration, may be said to distinguish it. He came to refute Lord HARTINGTON, but he also came to praise him. A Liberal Whip could scarcely have said more in Lord HARTINGTON'S favour, and Mr. HARDY must be added to the list of those who have lately done their best to keep bitterness out of party politics.

MR. BRIGHT ON INDIA.

THE speeches of Sir ARTHUR COTTON and Mr. BRIGHT at Manchester, if they convinced the audience, must have produced a mixed feeling of indignation and sanguine hope. As far as their authority prevails, it will be thought that successive Governments of India have not only scandalously disregarded the interests of the subject population, but have neglected to pick up inexhaustible treasures which lay under their feet. By a moderate expenditure on irrigation, which might, if necessary, have been substituted for the construction of railways, famines might have been made for ever impossible; but the Court of Directors in former times, the Secretary of State at the present day, and the Governors-General, with all their advisers and subordinates, have, in ignorance or obstinacy, failed to adopt the suggestions which are confidently propounded by Mr. BRIGHT. Irrigation would have returned twenty, fifty, or eighty per cent. on the capital expended, and it would at the same time have permanently increased the revenue, while it promoted to an indefinite extent the welfare of the population. The Government at home and in India had no adverse or selfish interest to bias its judgment or to pervert or impede its action. Statesmen have therefore, for more than one generation, with inexplicable stupidity, allowed India to be desolated by famines which might easily and certainly have been prevented. The canals and other works provided for irrigation would have also furnished the best and cheapest mode of transit, with the result of greatly extending the trade between England and India. Mr. BRIGHT hinted that the average Governor-General knows little of India when he is appointed; but on his arrival he is surrounded by administrators who have spent their lives in acquiring practical knowledge of the condition and wants of the country. Ignorance and experience, however, produce the same mysterious results. Able functionaries, high and low, refuse to supply water, which they command in unlimited quantities, to a population which is figuratively, and sometimes literally, dying of thirst. When the miscarriage is reported in Downing Street, the Secretary of State, generally one of the ablest members of the Cabinet, directly approves of the negligence of the local authorities, or at least connives at their neglect.

In proportion to the extravagance of the misconduct which Mr. BRIGHT denounces is the ease with which it may be remedied. DEMOSTHENES told the Athenians that their prospects of a successful resistance to PHILIP would have been more hopeless if they had not committed every possible error of policy. Bad fortune attending prudent and courageous conduct might perhaps have been irretrievable; but the reversal of a foolish and mischievous course of action would more probably produce results different from those which had lately been attained. If irrigation is above all things necessary for India, it must be possible to find a Secretary of State and a Viceroy who would irrigate. Yet Lord SALISBURY has imitated the backwardness of the Duke of ARGYLL, and probably Lord

LYTTON is as slack in supplying water as Lord NORTH-BROOK. The objection that incapable and culpable Ministers are maintained in office for party purposes, without regard to the interests of India, happily admits of an answer. It is not even necessary that the Government should interfere with enterprises which offer enormous profits to private capitalists. The Government of India would assuredly offer no impediment to the establishment of joint-stock Companies which would be amply rewarded by dividends of eighty or even of ten per cent. The merchants and manufacturers of Manchester have at present a difficulty in employing their capital to advantage; and if they believe Mr. BRIGHT, they cannot do better than raise a few millions for the purpose of Indian irrigation. Their commerce will, as they are assured, use the cheap highways which will have been constructed for still more pressing objects. If no attempt of the kind is made, it may be inferred that Mr. BRIGHT'S hearers agreed with the readers of his speech in thinking that he proved too much. He has, like the Governor-General whom he good-humouredly ridicules, read the histories, treatises, and blue-books relating to India, and his conclusions from his studies deserve attention when they are not obviously paradoxical and extravagant. His speech at Manchester served no practical purpose, unless, contrary to all probability, he was wholly in the right, because it is impossible to measure the extent of his errors. It is highly probable that some works of irrigation might be constructed or repaired with advantage. On the other hand, it is known that all Mr. BRIGHT'S arguments, and all the facts on which they are founded, have been again and again considered by men of great ability who must be supposed to have the interests of India at heart. They must have had some reason for what they have done and left undone; and Mr. BRIGHT makes no attempt to explain the mystery. Lord SALISBURY lately said in epigrammatic form that water in India, as in other parts of the world, would not run uphill. He has on other occasions called attention to the difficulty of inducing occupiers of land to use water provided by Government, under the necessary condition of payment. The ablest and most laborious Minister may be mistaken; but those who have far less opportunity of studying the subject cannot at once assume that the great majority of Indian administrators have gone wholly astray. COLERIDGE said that, until a critic understood an author's ignorance, he should presume himself to be ignorant of his understanding. Mr. BRIGHT offers no help to those who may wish to understand Lord SALISBURY'S ignorance.

If Mr. BRIGHT is as inaccurate in his engineering criticisms as in his reminiscences of political history, the doubts which his sweeping propositions suggest would be fully justified. He told the meeting at Manchester in substance that India had been misgoverned by the Company, which was nevertheless habitually defended by Presidents of the Board of Control, and generally by official politicians. On his own showing, no advantage has resulted in the paramount matter of irrigation from the abolition of the Company's government. The Ministers of the Crown have, in fact, wisely adopted as far as possible the system and policy of their predecessors. Although the Mutiny furnished, as Mr. BRIGHT correctly states, the occasion for the suppression of the Company, Whig statesmen had from the days of BURKE habitually disapproved of the double Government. Mr. JOHN STUART MILL was almost the only politician holding popular opinions who disapproved of the transfer of the Indian Government from the Company to the Crown. His fears of vexatious interference on the part of the House of Commons have not hitherto been justified; but it would be difficult to show that any great practical benefit has resulted from the removal of a theoretical anomaly. With characteristic fidelity to all his own opinions, Mr. BRIGHT resorted to a favourite proposal which, after twenty years, has not been adopted by any party in England or in India. Then, as now, Mr. BRIGHT recommended the division of the whole country into five or six separate Governments, which might perhaps ultimately survive the English dominion as independent States. It is at first sight an objection to the project that it directly conflicts with the policy which has of late years been adopted with general consent in the organization of other dependencies. It is true that Canada and South Africa are far from competing with India either in population or in diversity of race, of climate, and of other conditions of government; but some of the reasons which have inclined the Imperial Government to promote

the union rather than the division of provinces apply with greater force to India than to any other possession of the Crown. A country which has neighbours, friends, enemies, and a foreign policy must have the same military and diplomatic system; nor can its component parts be altogether independent of one another in finance. Mr. BRIGHT would certainly deprecate for India the variety of tariffs which prevails in Australia; yet his plan involves the possible existence of internal lines of Custom Houses. It would be inconvenient to impose duties on English goods in Bombay and to admit them free in Bengal; and yet the only alternative would be to make the operations of every local treasury dependent on the wants and resources of the neighbouring provinces. Dogmatism is a quality useful, if not indispensable, to a popular leader, but it often impairs the authority of a legislator.

ENGLISH CRITICISM ON FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

WHEN casting about for subjects on which he might properly address his hearers at Edinburgh, Mr. HARDY stated that he certainly should not speak about France, and added that he thought the criticism bestowed in England on French affairs during the present crisis had been too free, and had been founded on an imperfect knowledge of the circumstances. That Mr. HARDY, as a Minister, should not canvass the conduct of the chief of a neighbouring State while the shape which that conduct would ultimately take was still uncertain was eminently proper. As a rule, the less Ministers say about other countries than England the better, excepting so far as something immediate and practical in English policy depends on what is happening abroad. But Mr. HARDY went further than this, and deprecated criticism on France and attacks on French Ministers, when made by persons who have not any kind of Ministerial responsibility. Mr. HARDY is not by any means singular in this opinion, and there are many who consider that adverse criticism like that which has been freely bestowed by the English press on Marshal MACMAHON and his advisers is a great mistake, as it stirs up bad blood between the two countries, and is founded on an imperfect knowledge of the real state of things in France. It is no doubt true that hostile criticism does sometimes provoke a hostile spirit in those who are subjected to it. The Americans have often bitterly resented the tone which English journals have adopted towards them, and the present alienation of England and Russia has been largely stimulated by the attacks of English journals and the replies of Russian ones. It is also impossible that English critics should always see the affairs of foreign countries in a perfectly true way. It is difficult enough to understand England, and it is still more difficult to understand a foreign country. Protestants cannot really understand Catholicism, nor Catholics Protestantism. An English agricultural labourer is a riddle to most Englishmen, and a French peasant is necessarily even more puzzling. But it may be said for English criticism that it steadily improves. It is less and less bitter, and more and more just. It is through honest endeavours to understand the United States and France that the present spirit of amity towards both countries has grown up in England. If we do not understand France thoroughly, we at least know much more about it than we did twenty years ago. Nor can it be said that English criticism runs all in the same groove. One critic brings out one part of the truth and another brings out another. Two years ago most Englishmen did not so much as know that Bulgarians existed. Now we know that, on the one hand, they were misgoverned, and were subject to rare inflictions of special atrocities, and that, on the other hand, they were allowed to accumulate wealth, worship in their own way, and educate their children as they pleased. If we have heard the tale of the petty tyranny exercised by the agents of M. DE FOURTOU at the recent French elections, we have also had it pointed out to us that M. DE FOURTOU was only using a machinery invented by NAPOLEON, and worked to their advantage by all M. DE FOURTOU's predecessors. And when we say that criticism may provoke a hostile spirit in the country criticized, we must remember that when the criticism is bestowed, not on the general policy of the country, but on the part taken in the internal

affairs of the nation by one of the parties, we offend one set but we please another. If the circles of the Elysée have been mortified by recent English criticism, the circles which gather round M. GRÉVY have been pleased. If we angered the King of NAPLES, we gratified CAVOUR. In many instances, although not in all, the chosen friends of England in foreign countries have come to the top of the tree, and then we have won friendship, and not enmity, by our criticism. The new French Minister of Foreign Affairs will not find himself at all out of humour with those who have long looked on him as their countryman.

But, whatever may be the effects of our criticism abroad, there can be no doubt that its primary utility is for ourselves. Mr. GOSCHEN has lately spoken of the advantages which the exercise of the imagination confers on persons immersed in business. England is a nation of shopkeepers, and she requires everything that will stimulate her imagination to the utmost. Mr. GOSCHEN recommends, above all other aids to the imagination, the study of history, and in no form does history work with a more salutary effect on the imagination than in that of the contemporaneous history of foreign nations. England is an island, and the inhabitants of an island are naturally insular. Nothing corrects the excess of insularity so surely as the study of the countries from which the sea separates us. Comparison is the most fruitful exercise of the imagination, and no comparisons can be more instructive to Englishmen than those which make us inquire what are the real causes of the condition of our poor, why Free-trade makes such slow progress, why the English Constitution is so hard to imitate, or why we have a Church the merits of which seem to us so incontestable, but which no foreign nation has thought fit to accept. This is, at any rate, the form of history which England likes best, and which she contrives to have written for her with a fulness and vigour altogether unknown elsewhere. To know about foreign countries is the speciality of Englishmen. In histories of the past other nations rival us, although we think none surpass us. But in the history of the present we are supreme. The United States come nearest to us; but then they are really English, and have English tastes. The Continental nations have neither the appetite, nor the resources, nor the writers necessary for producing the vast amount of current information about the world generally which we procure and digest after our fashion. It is undeniable that the history of the present is not always true, and is far from impartial. But neither is the history of the past. We are never left undisturbed in the belief that we accord to any historian. Even when a time so remote as that of HENRY II. is selected as the field of historical study, every line that one historian writes is sure to be instantly contradicted by another. We have always to balance our judgment between the rival claims of superior power and style and superior accuracy in comprehending records. Probably the certainty of contemporaneous history is greater than that of the history of the past. We know more of the real truth about the present Russian war than we know of the truth about any war previous to the Crimean. Nor is the impartiality displayed in the history of the past at all greater than that displayed in the history of the present. English critics necessarily take a side in writing about such a matter as the present French crisis. They could not exercise their imagination if they did not take a side. One thing must seem better than another, or comparisons would be useless. But then all historians take a side. GIBBON, MACAULAY, GROTE, THIERS, LANFREY, are all in one sense partisans. Their peculiar turn of imagination colours their historical statements. All approaches to truth are only approximate, and a writer who wrote the exact truth would have no readers, for he would be superhuman, and mere men could not understand him. The fault of contemporaneous history is its occasional and inevitable pettiness. Its readers have to wade through descriptions of the condition of a Correspondent's boots or of the misconduct of his interpreter. Such trifles have dropped out of the history of the past, which therefore seems grander, and the relative grandeur makes it so far more stimulative of the imagination. But, on the other hand, contemporary history is fuller, more true, and on the whole more impartial, simply because the checks on falsehood and partiality are more numerous and efficacious.

The free criticism of foreign nations has also become indispensable to us because our whole foreign policy is now based on it. We must have a foreign policy, for the con-

duct of foreign nations affects us in numerous direct ways and in indirect ways that may be fairly called innumerable. To say nothing of England as a fighting nation, it must as a trading nation have sufficient information to calculate the course of trade. At one time it was enough that a few persons born in a particular station should study foreign affairs. No one can imagine PITT receiving a deputation at the Foreign Office and informing those around him that he was in the presence of his masters. Lord DERBY describes the policy of the Foreign Office as simply that of the majority of Englishmen. This sounds at first as a kind of cynical tribute to democracy; and it would mean nothing more were it not for the constant play of English criticism on foreign countries. As Englishmen wish for this criticism and get it, they learn that the foundation of their foreign policy must be knowledge. They feel that to have a policy with regard to Russia and Turkey they must understand as much about Russia and Turkey as possible. They do not perhaps altogether surmount the prepossessions with which they started; but they have one piece of information knocked into them after another until the general current of their ideas is modified, if not diverted. It begins to dawn upon them that much must be learnt and much must be pondered over before it can be said what England ought to do, and what England can do. That England, for a Continental war, needs allies seems an obvious truth; but it is a truth which it has cost many Englishmen much mental effort to apprehend. In some small degree, too, it may be hoped, the recognition of the necessity for information and criticism in regard to foreign affairs reacts on the discussion of home affairs, and suggests a doubt whether the raising and settling of blazing questions is quite so simple a matter as it seems to the impulsive democratic mind. At any rate, in our relations with foreign Powers criticism and information have the advantage, not only of making our policy wiser, but of making us adhere to it more persistently when we adopt it. Any one who would like to see a striking portrait of the position of a nation which does not interest itself in foreign affairs may find one in the animated sketch given by the PRINCE CONSORT of France during the Crimean war. England, having weighed her actions and knowing what she meant, was neither much elated nor depressed by the incidents of the war. But things were very different in France. "I really believe," the PRINCE wrote in 1855, "there is not a single soul in France who ever gave himself the very smallest concern about the maintenance of the Turkish Empire;" and the consequence was that the policy of France was entirely at the disposal of one man, who, "on the failure of any assault upon a battery at Sebastopol, was for evacuating the Crimea, and, after any little success over Russia, was for pushing forward to Moscow."

THE RAILWAY COMMISSION.

THE Railway Commission which has just issued its fourth annual Report is a very anomalous tribunal. At a cost which would provide two additional Judges of the High Court, three Commissioners, of whom two are laymen, decide on a single class of legal obligations, for the most part without appeal. In their Report they call attention to the approaching expiration of the Act under which the Commission is constituted, perhaps with an expectation that their appointment will be renewed for another term. It will well become the Government to consider whether it is necessary to perpetuate a paradoxical institution. It appears that in a whole year the three Commissioners, who with their staff collectively receive salaries to the amount of about 10,000*l.* a year, have decided nineteen cases, some of them in the nature of arbitrations, and have confirmed five working agreements. The revision of the agreements might have been undertaken by the Board of Trade without requiring the services of an additional clerk; and the litigated cases would have occupied a Judge of the High Court for a fortnight or perhaps three weeks. The decision of a Judge of the highest rank, corrected, if necessary, by a Divisional Court, would have been much more satisfactory than the finding of a Commission. It has been the general custom of the Commissioners to refuse a special case, which would afford an opportunity for the correction of any error of law. In one instance the Exchequer Division of the High Court, after a special case had been refused, issued a prohibition

which operated as a reversal of the judgment of the Commissioners. It might have been expected that the check would be received with submission, even if it failed to suggest greater caution in future; but it has often been found that laymen rush in where lawyers fear to tread. With more than questionable propriety the Commissioners in their Report, after citing the judgment of the Exchequer Division, remark that "this conclusion seems at variance with the view heretofore taken of the Act of 1854." The Judges of the High Court are supposed, when they give a decision, to have considered the view heretofore taken by competent authority of any statute with which they have to deal. The original proceeding before the Commission was attended with remarkable circumstances. Application was ostensibly made against the South-Eastern Company and the London, Chatham, and Dover Company as joint respondents, although it was both notorious and obvious that the real applicants were the South-Eastern Company, and that the judgment which purported to impose an obligation on them was the very decision which they strove to obtain. A Court of Law or Equity would scarcely allow one defendant to establish a claim against another at the instance of a nominal plaintiff. There is no doubt that the Commissioners are disinterestedly anxious to promote the public good; but in judicial proceedings strict justice is preferable to supposed expediency. It would appear that professional Judges alone are exempt from the temptation of awarding, like CYRUS in the story, a coat to the litigant whom it happens to fit. Companies, or, in other words, private persons who have invested their money on definite terms with the express sanction of the Legislature, are as much entitled to their property as if it consisted of merchandize, of money, or of land. They have much reason to regret a burst of temper which once induced Lord CAMPBELL to assert that Judges were incompetent to decide questions relating to railway traffic. He might with more reason have refused to hear patent cases which involved abstruse chemical or mechanical problems. The subject-matter of law is infinitely various; but the principles of justice apply to all kinds and conditions of human action.

It appears that in a case which was withdrawn by a temporary compromise from the jurisdiction of the Commissioners, a question arose as to the power of a Company to close a passenger station. In a few special Acts Companies have been placed under obligation to erect and use certain stations; but in all other cases the provision of stations is left to their absolute discretion. Parliament has never by any general Act extended in this respect the liabilities of railway proprietors; but the Commissioners appear to think that they have power to prevent the closing of any station which may be found unprofitable. If any traders but Railway Companies were required to carry on business at a loss, the demand would be universally condemned. A tradesman may at his pleasure open a branch shop, and afterwards shut it up if he finds that the new undertaking is a failure. Even if the interest of travellers and freighters were to be considered, instead of the legal rights and burdens of the Company, it is scarcely for the public interest that experiments in providing accommodation should be discouraged by quasi-judicial interference. If a railway manager finds that a station is kept open at a loss, he will naturally leave it out of his list of stoppages; and when the trains pass it by, it is wholly immaterial whether the station buildings are allowed to remain. The Commissioners apparently claim in this case the power of altering or making a time-table; and if they established their claim, there is no reason why in future they should not regulate the speed of trains and the times of starting. They might on this principle require the East Coast express, which now stops four times between London and Edinburgh, to accommodate half the towns on the road, with the result of doubling the practical distance between England and Scotland. It is no answer to say that the Commissioners would not knowingly inflict a grave inconvenience on the public. Their opinion on the subject is neither more nor less valuable than that of any three men of education and fair ability; and it is intolerable that the administration of railways should be transferred from their owners to a Board of amateurs. One of the Commissioners is an eminent lawyer; but, if he concurs on decisions in stations and stoppages, he voluntarily sinks into the position of a layman.

By an odd variation from ordinary usage, the Act which constituted the Commission required that they

should present to the Crown an annual Report of their proceedings. It is not to be regretted that by a mere accident their scarcity of business and their exceptional exercise of judicial functions should be periodically brought under public notice. The author of this enactment can scarcely have intended that the Commissioners should swell out the meagre record of their operations by proposals for fresh legislation which might provide them with additional employment. In the present Report the Commissioners once more urge Parliament to perpetrate a measure of confiscation which would endanger the security not only of joint-stock undertakings, but, in its operation as a precedent, of all other kinds of property. The Commissioners misquote the recommendation of the Joint Select Committee on Amalgamation of 1872, as if it had extended to the arbitrary regulation of rates without reference to the special Acts which form the title-deeds of Railway Companies. The Joint Commission, on the contrary, denounced as impracticable and unjust the proposal that the existing tariffs should be overruled. It is unfortunately true that, as the Commissioners state, an Act afterwards allowed Companies to impose on their neighbours and rivals through rates which, in case of dispute, were to be allowed or disallowed and apportioned by the Commissioners. The Act involves the principle of spoliation, but its operation is checked by the natural unwillingness of Companies to assist in plundering one another at the risk of being exposed to predatory proceedings in turn. The Commissioners desire that the power of initiating proceedings for through rates should be extended to private litigants. It cannot be denied that, if the advice is followed, the Commission will have work enough to furnish a plausible pretext for the prolongation of their term. They coolly remark that "it has been stated here and there that 'this right is fraught with possible danger to railway property.'" They might as well say that if they were allowed to fix rents throughout the United Kingdom it would be said here and there that it would involve danger to landed property. If landowners pass such an enactment, they will fully deserve to see a Land Commission established in time. The iniquitous nature of the proposal has been repeatedly demonstrated, and nowhere with greater force than in Mr. CARTER's argumentative and vigorous pamphlets. Railway shareholders have invested their money on a Parliamentary guarantee that they may levy the rates specified in the Act on any traffic which they carry. If they are entitled to charge ten shillings for conveying a ton of merchandise between two of their stations, their right is in no way affected by the willingness of a neighbouring Company to carry the goods to their destination at a lower rate. The Commissioners, with non-judicial levity, assert that the through rates which they have sometimes fixed at the instance of a Company occupying part of a through route have had an excellent effect. It is intolerable that vested interests should be varied or curtailed at discretion on the pretext that the result to strangers will be excellent.

THE THAMES AND LONDON SEWAGE.

THE Thames Conservancy have done the public a service which is all the more praiseworthy because it is certain to make them the object of much attack. The Metropolitan Board of Works is not a body which easily submits to unfavourable criticism. It has achieved one or two great works, and it does not like to have it suggested that the success of these works is less than it has been accustomed to think, or that the large outlay which they have necessitated may prove to be only a prelude to further expenditure. Something of this feeling has been seen in reference to the action, real or imaginary, of the Thames Embankment on the floods; and the motives which have led the Board to resist the proposal that they should pay for the protection of the southern shore against inundation will operate with still greater force now that the adequacy of the system of metropolitan sewage is fairly challenged. For this, and nothing less, is the gist of the report which has just been published by the Thames Conservancy. In June last they instructed Captain CALVERT to direct his attention to the recent surveys of the Thames between Woolwich and Erith, and to analyses of samples of the bed of the river off the main sewage outfalls and in Woolwich Reach, and to report thereon to the Conservators. Captain CALVERT has carried out these instructions, and the pamphlet which gives the result of his investigations is exceedingly instructive and exceedingly un-

pleasant. Londoners, it seems, have been living in a fool's paradise for some twenty years. For a long time they endured to have their sewage discharged into the river as it flowed by their own doors; and, when this state of things came to be held intolerable, they made an heroic effort and carried their sewage down to Barking Reach. There were not wanting, even then, grumblers who predicted that it would be heard of again, but the improvement in the Thames at London over what it had been was so striking that they found nobody to listen to them. If they are still alive they will read Captain CALVERT's Report with keen pleasure. The sewage of London has been heard of again, and to all appearance we are likely to hear a good deal of it. It used to be thought that, as it had been got out of sight, it might safely be put out of mind. If it were necessary it might be argued that this conclusion is more comforting than sound; but we are relieved from any obligation to do this by the fact that it has not even been got out of sight. "The floating abominations by which I was surrounded when making the 'test observations,'" says Captain CALVERT, "are to be remembered rather than described," and there is reason to believe that this remark holds good of parts of the river a long way removed from the actual outfalls.

Captain CALVERT gives the results of these "test observations" in seven conclusions; and even these do not exhaust the material information which his report contains as to the condition of the Thames. There is, he says, unquestioned evidence that foul and offensive accretions have recently formed within the channel of the river. The channel opposite the southern outfall has lost a fourth of its low-water contents; three creeks in the neighbourhood of the outfalls are gradually filling up; and large deposits have been formed between London and Battersea Bridges, one especially exactly in front of St. Thomas's Hospital. So much for the formation of accretions. As regards their character, Captain CALVERT states that careful analyses show that the constituents of these mud-banks are precisely identical with the constituents of metropolitan sewage. Inasmuch as these formations are largest in the neighbourhood of the sewage outfalls, have come into existence since the outfalls were made, and can be completely accounted for without going further in search of an explanation than the matters daily discharged into the river through these outfalls, the proof that the existing system has failed to take the sewage away seems to be complete. Nor are these deposits the only mischief that comes from the discharge of sewage into the Thames. There is in the river what Captain CALVERT calls a "sewage section," a mass, that is, "of polluted water 8 miles long, 750 yards wide, and 4½ feet deep, charged with 'offensive matter both fluid and solid,' which 'moves up' and down the channel four times daily between Gravesend and near to Blackwall, dropping the solid burden 'wherever a reduction in the rate of the current or still 'water may favour deposit.'" It is calculated that the sewage when poured into the Thames moves seaward at the rate of about two and a half miles a week. As this sewage section is eight miles long, the contents take about twenty-two days to pass from the upper to the lower limit, so that the whole sewage discharged into the river during that number of days is continually oscillating between the extreme points. The sewage section is greatly enlarged during floods and periods of heavy rain. At these times additional opportunities of discharging sewage from the outfalls have to be given in order to prevent the discharges from being thrown back upon the neighbouring marshes. At spring tides the sewage discharged at low water will come as high as Chelsea Suspension Bridge. Besides this, there is a constant tendency in the flood stream to carry more matter upwards than the ebb carries downwards. This tendency is increased by the adhesive nature of sewage matter, which enables it to resist the scour of the ebb tide. The fact that the Thames is slightly salt in Barking Reach makes the mischief greater. Where river water, highly charged with organic matter, mixes with the sea water, sulphuretted hydrogen is evolved, which "will account," as Captain CALVERT says in passing, "for 'the almost intolerable nuisance which is experienced whenever the sewers of a town discharge 'themselves into the sea.'" This is pleasant news for the numerous fashionable watering places which are engaged in creating this intolerable "nuisance" for themselves. Man has succeeded so admirably in polluting rivers that it is not wonderful that his ambition should lead him to try to pollute the sea as well.

The Thames Navigation Act of 1870 makes it the duty of the Metropolitan Board to keep the Thames free from such banks or other obstructions to navigation as may arise from the flow of sewage from the outfalls, and under this clause the Thames Conservancy will be able to enforce the removal of the obstructions already formed. But the obstructions to navigation arising from sewage deposits are but a small part of the evil, and the Board of Works may go on dredging for ever and yet leave the cause of the evil untouched. The oscillating mass of sewage, from one to twenty-two days old, which floats up and down under the combined action of the ebb and flood tides passes in front of Woolwich, and the districts, daily becoming more populous, which lie between Woolwich and Greenwich. London, in fact, has simply passed its sewage on to Woolwich. Perhaps, if this were the worst, Londoners might bear the calamity with an equal mind. There is nothing which seems to bring out human selfishness into such strong relief as sewage. People who would not dream of injuring their neighbour in any other fashion will serenely discharge their sewage into the water he is forced to drink, and not admit that they have done him any harm. Fortunately for Woolwich, it is impossible to injure its inhabitants in this way without a part of the mischief coming back upon our own heads. Though the largest part of London sewage remains opposite Woolwich, a good deal of it returns to London and tends, as years go on, to make the air of London unhealthy. Consideration for ourselves may thus effect what consideration for others would be powerless to do. It needs only time to make things as bad in London as they were before the main drainage system came into operation, and this reflection may give importance to the fact that things at Woolwich are very much worse than they were before that time. Fortunately the money spent on the main drainage system will not be all wasted. That system answers two distinct purposes, the collection of sewage and the disposal of sewage. Of these two objects the first is the most costly; and, whatever is ultimately done with the sewage when collected, it clearly must be collected before anything can be done with it. Under any circumstances it would have had to be taken out of London; and, whether it is discharged into the river at Barking, or disposed of in some other way, the works which bring it to Barking will still be useful. Now that the most successful example of the discharge of sewage into rivers seems to have broken down, it is more than ever incumbent on the Government to do its utmost to discover some preferable means of getting rid of it.

THE CAMPAIGN IN BULGARIA.

WE ventured to point out, some time before Plevna was thoroughly invested, that the part assigned to Osman Pasha, or which he had assumed of his own initiative—namely, the defence of that place—was played out. The field fortress was of inestimable value so long as it fulfilled defensive-offensive conditions. Its close proximity to the main line of Russo-Roumanian communications made it a standing menace to these. The Turkish chief, who so well earned his distinction of Ghazi, may be said to have chained to one spot during the most favourable season for campaigning, and for months together, the entire force for offensive action which Russia and Roumania combined could put in the field. An advance in strength beyond the Balkans, or even the resumption of a raid on Adrianople, was out of the question while the vast field fortress on the Vid remained in Turkish hands. The army of the Czarewitsch, which was to take Rustchuk by a *coup de main*, and to join hands afterwards with Zimmerman threading the Quadrilateral from the east, has never been strong enough to do more than hold its own ground. All the battalions which could be spared from the line of the Jantra were mustered on the Vid. At the Shipka Pass Radetzky had quite enough to do to maintain himself without pushing forward. It is scarcely too much to say that a corporal's guard would have been, during the last few months, sufficient to secure for the Turks the defence of the Balkan line. Hence the crying folly, the irretrievable error, the silly strategy, which flung away in the Shipka Pass in reckless waste the precious lives of thousands for no reasonable purpose or conceivable advantage. In the Dobrudzha the numerous corps under Zimmerman, paralysed before the great fortresses of the Quadrilateral, has, since the opening of the campaign, been unable to move, because the Czarewitsch could not move. The situation afforded a fine instance of what Major Adams, in his *Great Campaigns*, calls "one army"—and that inferior on the whole—"imperiously dictating to its opponent the course it must follow." Osman Pasha moved one fine morning on a small town called Plevna. He recognized what advantage might be derived from turning up entrenchments on the ridges

circumvallating the town. And, taking up his stand where he was, he imperiously dictated the future Russian plans of action, after upsetting those they had formed.

But everything has its limits. So long as supplies of food and munitions were forthcoming, so long was it permissible, from a military point of view, to hold on to a place which the successful defender must have been very loth to quit; but if no granaries had been filled with the products of the last harvest, and there existed only a limited quantity of food for man and beast, then Plevna should have been forthwith abandoned. The time for quitting the fortress came when Chevket Pasha proved his inability to maintain himself on the line Plevna-Orkanye, much less protect the introduction of convoys. It was in all probability open to Osman at that juncture, with his army yet full of fight and strong in prestige and numbers, to break out on the Orkanye or on the Widdin road. Critical Europe at a distance adjudged him to be wrong in endeavouring to maintain his forward position after that. We have no means, however, of knowing what information the Turkish commander possessed on which he may have based his determination at all hazards to retain permanently what it had cost so much to construct and to defend. He may have had imperative orders from Constantinople to remain where he was. He may have had good grounds for believing that the army of the Lom would be sufficiently strong to effect a serious diversion on his behalf, and that that force, with the army in course of reconstruction at Sofia and Orkanye, would combine a forward movement to draw off a large portion of the investors of his stronghold. It would be only doing Osman bare justice to credit him with having done the best with the information he possessed; and before he is blamed for not withdrawing from a position which we now see to have been untenable under the circumstances, it remains to be seen whether those whom he may have had reason to expect to co-operate for his relief did all that could reasonably be looked for from them. There is, however, one most important point to be considered with reference to the question of the undue retention of Plevna. Osman Pasha had constructed with infinite labour a whole city of redoubts, lunettes, redans, and shelter-trenches. The experienced engineer general Todleben evidently thought, after his prolonged and careful examination of the works, that, if attacked at all, they should be made the subject of a siege in regular form; and he discountenanced a repetition of those reckless assaults which had only produced very limited success at a wholly incommensurate sacrifice. The entire Russo-Roumanian army would probably have been consumed before the last earthwork was taken by storm. But Osman knew this also. He wished for nothing better than a renewal of assaults. We know, from what Correspondents inside Plevna have told us, how admirably protected the Turkish soldiers were by their solid and extensive casemates, and what very little damage was occasioned by the most sustained and concentrated bombardment. And when the Russians columns rushed on headlong to storm, the defenders, all but a few who lined the ramparts, remained concealed and free from danger till it was necessary for them to emerge from their safe places to join in repelling the assault; and then by far the greater loss was on the Russian side. Knowing, then, the impregnability of his position, did Osman take every precaution for storing in supplies during the interval between the July and September battles, and, after the latter, until he was hemmed in on all sides about the 26th of October? If he did not—and it is urged that means of transport were perhaps not available for carting in the harvest of the fields, "groaning," as we were told they were, with their heavy fruits—we would ask how, in the first instance, Osman managed to accumulate at Plevna artillery ammunition sufficient to last out several great battles and multitudinous combats? It certainly looks as though due care had not been taken for that without which an impregnable fortress is valueless—namely, the feeding of its defenders. The very fact of its being a place of extraordinary strength would have seemed to urge the policy of making the utmost efforts to retain it by laying in supplies. It was at least as necessary to provision Plevna—the siege of which, as a matter of course, must be undertaken first of all by the enemy—as to lay in stores at Rustchuk or Shumla. The Seraskierate appears to have been keenly alive, but rather late in the day, to the necessity of forwarding convoys to Osman Pasha; but the question is also, Did the Turks inside Plevna do all they could to lay in provision while there was opportunity? By all appearances they did not. They probably thought till a late moment that the armies in the field would be able to keep open the communications. It is no doubt true that the Russians have lost a vast deal of time about Plevna; but the Turks lose more than they gain by this. Had Osman Pasha retired when it was clear that Chevket could not maintain communication with him—and we believe he could have retired then in spite of Gourko—he would have found another Plevna at Orkanye. The latter position would not have offered nearly equal advantages with the other; but the best army of the Turks would have been free to oppose any move on Adrianople across the Balkans by the mere fact of its occupation.

Let us now inquire how the armies of Suleiman and Mehemet Ali have been employed in furtherance of the design of relieving Plevna. The former general, on taking up his new command, began unexpectedly well. Instead of following the headlong and reckless tactics which brought ruin to his former excellent army in the Balkan Pass, he pursued a prudent course. His enemies fully anticipated, his friends quite feared, that he would instantly take the bull by the horns. But nothing of the sort; he set to work to inspect his forces, and to make himself ac-

quainted with the topography of the new theatre of operations. He made a prolonged tour of the Quadrilateral, examining the works and seeing to the necessary supplies. His somewhat scattered array was withdrawn more under shelter of the fortresses. He took time to ascertain whether Zimmerman was capable of doing mischief from the eastern boundary of the Quadrilateral while he himself might be occupied on the western line. So far so good. But a great deal of valuable time was expended in preliminaries. It had the effect, however, as we know, of throwing the enemy rather off his guard. This was partly of course what Suleiman had in view. He determined at last, perhaps in obedience to positive commands from Constantinople—for the Seraskierate was getting anxious on the score of Plevna—to make a forward move. A war of outposts was engaged on the whole of the long line from the neighbourhood of Elena to the Danube. Then a "reconnaissance in force" was attempted on the extreme Russian left. The Turks pushed as far as the entrenchments at Metehka and burned Pyrgos. Again on November the 26th they advanced in the same direction and engaged the 12th corps in a prolonged combat, where each party claimed to have been victorious; but the Turks recrossed the Lom. Then occurred a pause. Suleiman was not present at either of the actions. During the succeeding days he was engaged in concentrating a considerable force about Osman Bazar; and on the 4th of December Salih Pasha, commanding the centre, suddenly advanced from that place and drove the Russians from Kesrova on the 5th. Meanwhile the left wing, under Fuad Pasha, moving on the road to the south of this, suddenly burst upon Prince Mirsky and his division of the 8th corps at Mariani, captured that place, and, following the retreating enemy, gallantly stormed the fortified position at Elena. The Russians retired, with loss of guns and many killed and prisoners, in disorder on Jahovitzka, where, holding the entrance to the defile, they were able to check the victorious Turks. Thereupon the Ottoman leader, after the fashion of the warfare of his nation, set to work to entrench himself. Fortunately for the Russians, they succeeded in staying the march of the central hostile column by breaking down the bridge at Slataritzka. The right column, moving from Sarnasufkar, took Popkoi, and then appears to have confined itself to desultory skirmishing. On the extreme right the Turks simultaneously made one of their periodical raids towards Pyrgos, when each side, having indulged in some conventional cannonading, retired. The Russians, surprised, and to a certain extent disconcerted, by the abrupt advance of the four Turkish columns, hurried up their reserves; and before the Turks had recovered from the effects of their first successes, and had finished entrenching themselves and were ready to move on again, the enemy was in sufficient force to forbid further offensive action.

As an excellent wind-up to the profitless enterprise of his divisional commanders, "Suleiman Pasha, having inspected Rustchuk and Varna, has returned to his head-quarters at Ahmedil." An extraordinary method of making war, indeed! The Commander-in-Chief of a great army absent from every engagement; and leaving to commanders of divisions the execution of a combined manoeuvre on a great scale, while he is away inspecting a fortress by the sea-shore which the enemy has never yet sighted. Of course the Turks failed to reap any benefit from an undertaking so poorly conducted. The conception was able and sound; the execution weak and pitiful. To afford relief to Osman Pasha, or to Mehemet Ali, it was necessary to have all the reserves near at hand, so as to be in a condition to profit by a first success and push on, engaging the enemy, who was scattered, in detail. But from a multiplicity of causes, the Turks seem utterly unable to combine for offensive measures, or to follow up a success. According to the best accounts the opposing armies on this theatre of war are not far from being on a numerical equality. The Czarewitch has nominally under his command about eighty thousand men, or rather more, exclusive of detachments in the Balkans. They are composed of the 11th, 12th, and 13th Corps. But for fighting on the Lom additional troops were readily available, since it was the 9th Division of the 8th Corps, properly belonging to Radetzky's Shipka force, which fought at Elena. The army of Suleiman numbers about ninety thousand men, organized in seven regular infantry divisions, two corps of irregulars, and two cavalry divisions. It is, however, much inferior in artillery. But the Turks had the vast advantage (strategically) of being able to take the initiative and select their point of attack along a line sixty miles in extent. It is very questionable, however, if any activity and energy would have availed so late in the day to save the defenders of Plevna. It is certain that, from the very beginning, no combined effort worthy of the name has been made from the side of the Lom in aid of any other Turkish force in the field.

Turning to where Mehemet Ali commanded but yesterday, and where a new candidate, we presume, for the post of Sirdar Ekrem is now installed in the person of Chakir Pasha, there is really little which especially calls for attention in the doings of the last fortnight. If Osman had information of the condition and numbers of the army appointed to advance from Sofia to his relief, he would have derived as little hope of relief from that quarter as from a contemplation of Suleiman leisurely examining distant fortresses on another side. Mehemet Ali appears to have done all he could to retrieve the primary error of Chevket Pasha, who is the general responsible for the feeble dispositions on the Orkanye-Plevna road which enabled the Russians to beat his troops in detail. Osman is said to have used very strong language about Chevket's incapacity. We need only recall here that the dispersion of his

army over one hundred miles of road was punished by its fractions being severally overwhelmed. As we said above, it seems to us, with our present information, that Osman should not have delayed a day after this to leave his stronghold.

When Mehemet Ali assumed the command at Orkanye, matters looked desperate. The Russians, not willing to give the enemy time to organize, soon resumed the offensive. By the 1st of December, Chakir Pasha, commanding the Turkish advanced guard, had been driven to fall back beyond the Kaba Konack Pass over the Etropol Balkans. Provitz was abandoned; then Etropol. Though the defences about Orkanye were strong if held by an adequate force, the Turks found them too extensive for their numbers, and so withdrew to Vratschi; and on the 28th abandoned the heights there, and took post at the entrance of a defile through the mountains. Here they were attacked on the 30th; but the assailants were roughly handled by Ibrahim Bey. The general result of these movements was that the army of Mehemet Ali had been pushed back, turned on its right flank, along the Orkanye-Sofia road. The Russians, however, were not able to make an impression on the Kamarli heights, where the Turks entrenched themselves. But these lie to the south of the main Balkan line, so that Gourko for the second time had made good a passage over the mountain barrier.

The importance of these incidents shrinks into nothing beside the great events at Plevna; and it will be more interesting to examine how the general situation is affected by the occurrence of the Turkish catastrophe there. It is clear, first of all, that offensive operations by the Turks are out of the question at any point. If the war is to be continued, the utmost which can be hoped is that, by concentration for defence without the loss of a moment, time may be given for the new levies to acquire consistency at a distance from the scene of combats. It is by no means impossible that, could a great commander be discovered, the situation might be rendered difficult, if not really dangerous, for the invader. The army of the Lom is a disciplined, organized force with some good divisional commanders. It has certainly never been deeply engaged; but it has fought several successful actions and has not once sustained a considerable reverse. The Turks have apparently three ways of utilizing this army. They may decide to fight about Rasgrad, which is strongly fortified; and their flanks would be protected by Rustchuk and Shumla. Or they may leave the fortresses to take care of themselves—we believe they are now all amply provisioned—and move their field army through the eastern Balkan passes. Again, since the Turks have the inestimable advantage of commanding the sea-way, they may assemble a sufficiency of transports and ironclads at Varna, and at any moment convey the field army away and disembark it at Bourgas. By holding the Dobrol pass and other more easterly ones, the right flank of the army would be secured. The objection to operating from a new point of departure would lie in the difficulty of finding adequate land transport. The defence of Adrianople is without doubt the first thing to be provided for. And the question is, how can Suleiman's army be best utilized in furtherance of that object? Very much depends on the weather, and it would also be material to know if the Russians have ready prepared the means wherewith to move in force into the country south of the Balkans. If the army of the Czarewitch can maintain itself on the line of the Lom, and the Russian army set free by the fall of Plevna is able to go forward, what is there to prevent, if the weather permits, its immediate march for the capital of Roumelia? By the retention of Suleiman within the boundaries of the Quadrilateral, the value of the field army would be almost negated. If it is unable to advance against the Czarewitch, the force of the latter would mask both the fortresses and Suleiman's army at once, while the main army would be set free to operate against Adrianople in the same way that it did against Plevna. The advantage to be gained by leaving the great fortresses to take care of themselves, which they should be very well able to do, would be twofold. In the first place, the field army would be set free; secondly, the whole army of the Czarewitch and Zimmerman combined would not be more than enough for the work of besieging or masking them. To attempt to protect the fortresses by the field army would be to repeat the mistake of Ghazi-Mukhtar, who wasted his force in covering Kars.

We quite agree with the able Austrian Correspondent of the *Times* in thinking that, if the Turks can keep their moral courage well screwed up, they may, with fair leadership of their armies, do a vast deal yet. Adrianople is covered by redoubts, and the Russians will have much to do before they get near the place. The weather may prove the greatest obstacle to their passage of the Balkans with a siege-train. They will find in Adrianople a fortress and an army which is sure to fight well behind entrenchments. With Suleiman holding the Eastern Balkans or operating from Bourgas, a Russian advance must necessarily be in very great force. As regards the army of Chakir Pasha, we should suppose that it will be quite unequal to maintaining its present advanced position, and that it will be compelled to leave Sofia to its fate, and retire on Philippopolis while there is time. It is evident that, with the Russians already holding several Balkan passes, any defence of the western or central line is impossible. Prudence would counsel the abandonment forthwith of all untenable positions, and concentration in rear. Both in Asia and in Europe the Turks have suffered disaster from the beginning from attempting to be strong at every point of the circumference. By way of opposing the Russians on the Danube, they sent one of their best armies and best generals to fight against the Montenegrin

mountaineers. But we think, political contingencies apart, that with prudence, good fortune—which means plenty of snow and which will give plenty of time—and, last not least, with unity of counsel, the Turks may so prolong the struggle that they may have at least the gratification of seeing their great enemy plunged in almost inextricable financial embarrassment.

QUITE A GENTLEMAN.

THE word "gentleman" is so often found convenient by people who wish to express vague praise or blame that it is almost a pity to try to analyse its meaning. A "gentleman" is, in the last resort, a person of whom the speaker approves; "not a gentleman" is a person of whom he does not approve, and it only remains to ask who is the speaker? If he happens to be a cabman or a railway porter, he is apt to allow gratitude or disappointment to influence his verdict. A gentleman is a person who pays a little more than the proper fare, and who perhaps adds to generosity an intelligent interest in cab-horses. If we are to define a gentleman to be he whom gentlemen recognize as such, we get as good a working definition as that of the *φρόνιμος* in the *Ethics*. But the inquiring mind sees gentlemanliness in the abstract receding into a misty distance behind the serried ranks of the gentlemanly. The character may be defined, as in a little book which lies before us entitled *Quite a Gentleman* (Bickers), by a series of negatives. A gentleman is clearly not one who speaks of another as "quite the gentleman." Nay, he is not one who has gentlemanliness constantly present to his consciousness, or who often uses the word "vulgar." One may add, with a schoolboy in the tract already mentioned, that he does not "strut about, and talk of his 'ouse and his 'orses, and take up all the fire, and make a row, and think himself everybody. And of course nobody is a gentleman who drops his h's," and the schoolboy hints that a total ignorance of "Latin and Greek and all that" marks a character far removed from the gentlemanly standard. These negatives do not take us far. If Uriah Heep had known the elements of the classical languages, and had enjoyed a command over his aspirates, he might have made a good gentleman enough, as far as the negative conditions are concerned. A man who is always "effacing himself" is, perhaps, as obnoxious as a man who takes up all the fire. A person who is an incarnate apology is less endurable than one who is personified bluster.

The well-meaning treatise, *Quite a Gentleman*, hardly helps one more than a venerable work of the times when coat-armour and a certain number of descents made a gentleman. For example, the author thinks that "one cannot even speak of a priggish gentleman, or a fashionable gentleman." To reason thus is, however, to set up a standard which, after all, is a moral standard, and therefore inadequate. It may be true that a prig and a fop "make us feel that their first object is to be noticed, and a true gentleman does not wish to be conspicuous." This is quite true; yet it is equally true that many fops, and perhaps most prigs, of a certain class of prigs, are gentlemen. Your entirely blameless young clerical Don, with his absolute self-content, and his exhaustive ignorance of everything he has not learned for the schools, is often emphatically what people call a gentleman. He is well born, has good manners, is brave, honourable, stupid, incapable of the unsympathetic and unseasonable jokes which our author justly condemns. He is a gentleman and a prig, and many a "fashionable man," or, to be shorter, "dandy," has all the qualities that seem to be summed up in the word gentleman. To deny it is to give the word gentleman a lofty moral meaning which it does not bear, and to neglect the most subtle and essential element in the term, the very element which escapes our grasp when we try to seize it.

Morality, after all that Chaucer, and Mr. Tennyson, and the author of *Quite a Gentleman* can say, has very little to do with the traditional idea of gentlemanliness. We do not mean to say that this is an ideal state of opinion or of language. In a truly satisfactory condition of things, perhaps all gentlemen would be Galahads. In point of fact, in this unsatisfactory world, we all recognize the fact that Lancelot was a gentleman in spite of his very base and dishonourable conduct, and that Mr. Tennyson's Arthur was a gentleman, though he was emphatically a prig. We have to account for a feeling far more subtle than any that can be explained by mere admiration of gentle conduct, of frankness, simplicity, modesty, kindness, truth. People may have all these and not be recognized as gentlemen. People may lack all these and yet be gentlemen beyond question. Taking his character as it is painted by his worst enemies, John, first Duke of Marlborough, lacked all the virtues we have named, and yet it is not denied that he was a gentleman. So subtle is the feeling on the subject, among certain races, that one has heard of an Arab Sheikh who doubted whether Abraham was quite a gentleman. On the other hand, who, of all his many private and professional foes, denies the title to the Prince of Darkness? The author of *Quite a Gentleman* thinks that a gentleman is not mean nor avaricious. Lord Byron had given much thought to the subject; he had passed through the stage of believing in small hands and ears, and he came to the conclusion that avarice was "a good old gentlemanly vice." Many undoubted gentlemen carry meanness very near the verge of actual dishonesty. The gentlemanly virtue, in our day, certainly tends in the direction of this disagreeable extreme. It was not so in simpler times. It was the knight and prince who gave away horses, armour, golden

chains, right and left. A lord was a "ring-giver," in the periphrastic language of Icelandic poetry. In a more advanced society the very opposite conduct begins to be held gentlemanly. Isaac of York did not give away one besant. He was a gentleman among his own highly cultivated race, and he would be a gentleman now, though Lord Beaconsfield's Sidonia made the barbaric and un-Hebraic error of sending silver cups from his table in complimentary presents to his cook. Generosity has come to be a note of the profusion and display of the *parvenu*. The lavishness of rich Americans travelling on the Continent is the extreme on one side; the gentlemanly stinginess of the European is the extreme on the other. On the whole, it is held to be so much the more respectable vice of the two that it is tacitly taken for a virtue, or at least practised as such with much complacency, by many undoubted gentlemen. Morality—modern morality, that is—enters but very little into the conception of a gentleman. When Chaucer said—

Look who is most virtuous alway,
Prive and apert; and most intendeth aye
To do the gentil dedes that he can.
And take him for the greatest gentleman—

he spoke as a didactic poet, and set forth a new ideal. Sir John Holland, of his own day, was certainly a gentleman, though Chaucer's lines describe everything that Sir John was not. If one looks from Chaucer to Froissart, one finds that "gentleness," though a quality highly praised, means but three things—a certain gallantry in love, noble birth, and magnificence. All knights are "good knights," just as the villain *Ægisthus* is *ἀνίμων* in the eyes of Homer.

If there is a moral quality in the traditional and, though modified, still dominant conception of the gentlemanly character, it is a certain self-control, or perhaps a certain high disregard of pleasures and comfort. A gentleman need not be temperate or chaste—that is to say, he may be neither, and yet may be accepted as a gentleman. But a lofty indifference to *bourgeois* comfort, a perfect readiness to take the rough with the smooth without grumbling, to eat weavilled biscuit and drink ditch-water without thought of repining, are perhaps among the moral qualities which are really essential to the least ideal notion of the gentleman. Of late a good deal of nonsense has been talked about the gentlemanliness of the Turks, and as much nonsense has been brought forward in reply. Whether the Turks are or are not gentlemen has no kind of connexion with the settlement of the Eastern Question. At the same time, the fact that the Turks impale and flay, and roast and stew their enemies—if it be a fact—has nothing to do with the question whether they are or are not gentlemen. It is worth noticing, too, as a proof of the way in which the conception of gentlemanliness is slowly changing, that the Turks are not gentle from the old point of view. The mother of Candide, who was so unreasonably particular about quarterings that she refused to marry the father of that hero because he had but sixteen or so, would not have called the Turks gentlemen. There may be Bulgarian notables who have preserved their coats stainless, and who have not lost account of their descent. On the mother's side the rich Turk is lost in painful confusion; yet he would be marked h.b. in any calendar that took account of human thoroughbreds. In spite of this little blot on his escutcheon, the Turk answers very well to the current idea of a gentleman. He is brave, he detests trade, he is indifferent to comfort or luxury, he can be temperate and even abstemious, he has repose of manner, he does not lose his temper with things inevitable, nor rail in the calm presence of actual facts. General di Cesnola, who was lately American Consul in Cyprus, has many illustrations of the gentlemanly Turkish character in his interesting account of Cyprian researches. A Turkish Governor of the old school arrived on one occasion just too late to prevent the General from removing a sarcophagus which he had discovered. Finding that the time to interfere was passed, the old Turk did not fly into a passion, as a European might have done, but apologized for the lateness of his visit, smoked the friendly cigarette, and retired with many compliments, but without a single allusion to the sarcophagus. This calm sort of resignation, this superiority to annoyances, is certainly one of the best sides of the gentlemanly character. It is the trait of a dominant race which cultivates a lofty disregard of petty affairs, and perhaps it is aided by the fatalism of Islam. Even after stripping the gentlemanly character of its moral and ideal attributes, we find that this haughty superiority does not disappear. Most aristocracies come of conquering races, or are descended, if we trace them far enough back, from the ancient clans, or *gentes*, and these again lose themselves in the mists of pre-historic times.

The common feature in all aristocracies of birth is a high reserve, and something of this reserve must exist, inherited or acquired, in the character of people who have a claim to be called gentilefolk. We may add the most desirable moral qualities to the indefinite popular sentiment if we like. Perhaps, by always insisting that manners make man, the popular sentiment may be gradually modified. Men who lack real gentleness, courtesy, purity, and generosity may, in some far off ethical and social future, cease to be thought of as gentlemen. As things stand, people say they know a gentleman when they meet him. He may be stained with every crime—nay, he may even have cheated at cards—but, taking the man as he appears to the observer, he is called a gentleman, while the exemplary citizen beside him is as clearly nothing of the sort. In Athens "seven wealthy forefathers" went to the making of a gentleman. We have no such hard and fast rule. Ages of institutions, ideas, customs, and sentiments now more than half

decayed, contribute something to the complex sentiment of what a gentleman is. Many errors and prejudices and prepossessions that cannot morally be defended enter into this matter of feeling, not of reason. The historical growth of the conception has been very slow, the changes in it have been considerable. It remains a fact that, though the sentiment about the excellences of gentlemen is frequently of dubious value, one is most likely to find the gentleman where the Athenian looked for him, in "people of hereditary wealth and inherited culture." It is easy enough to sneer at the qualities produced by breeding, but these qualities do exist in men as distinctly as in horses, and they do make part of the character of a gentleman. Fortunately, though they are most likely to be found in certain strains, they have become general enough where pedigree is deficient. Of all the best traits of the gentleman it may be said that they "come not by observation," but, being mainly the gift of a noble nature, can be improved, not produced, by training.

BALANCE OF POWERS.

WE spoke the other day of the general nature of that singular form of government which, for want of a better name, its admirers seem agreed to speak of as a "Marshallate." One of the arguments by which its late course of action has been defended seems worthy of a few words to itself. Those who speak in its name, in Parliament and out of Parliament, have argued that the Marshal and his advisers have no need to yield to the manifest resolve of the Chamber of Deputies, because there are three powers in the State, and that, when two of them are agreed, those two are not called on to yield to the third. There is something neat in the answer, which sounds like the setting forth of an undoubted mathematical truth. But a moment's thought will show that no argument that could be thought of lies more thoroughly out of the range of practical politics. It sounds like a saying of the last century. One could fancy that one had read it in De Lolme; one could even fancy that one had read it in Blackstone. It savours of that theoretical school of political thinkers who seemed to fancy that a political system could be set to work like a piece of mechanism, all whose wheels are planned to go in the most correct order; only unluckily no allowance has been made for friction. This whole doctrine of artificial checks and balances in politics may be set aside as belonging to an entirely past range of thought. While nations are still in their infancy, while their political systems are still only forming and not formed, the checks and balances are a reality. But the checks and balances come of themselves; they were not invented by ingenious men to act as checks and balances. Their character as checks and balances was found out afterwards, when men began to speculate, and to suppose that everything which actually was had been designed long before by some far-seeing lawgiver. They doubtless practically acted as checks and balances not the less; but they were so simply because the different elements in the political body were still striving for supremacy, and it was not yet settled in which the supremacy should be vested. When a political system is settled, there is always some one power which is practically supreme, some one power whose will settles matters in the last resort. And that power is pretty sure to be either the Executive Government or else the most popular body which the constitution admits. The supreme power may be placed in an oligarchic Senate in a State whose whole institutions are oligarchical; but in a State where there is a more popular Assembly and another less popular we cannot conceive the less popular body being the strongest element in the State. Since the English Parliament took its present shape, we cannot conceive the supreme power being vested in the Lords. Kings have, for a longer or shorter time, dispensed with both Lords and Commons. The Commons have once formally abolished both King and Lords. But we cannot conceive a state of things in which the Lords should either abolish both King and Commons or make them subordinate to themselves. And, if this is true of the English House of Lords, a body which has its roots in the earliest institutions of the nation, and which does in fact represent the oldest assembly of the nation, much more is it true of those artificial and ornamental Second Chambers, the French Senate among them, which have no historical being at all. It is true even of the Senates in Federal States, which are not merely artificial or ornamental, but which are absolutely necessary to represent one side of the existence of the State. The Swiss *Ständerath* is clearly weaker than the *Nationalrath*. Its abolition has been proposed. The proposal indeed met with no acceptance; but we cannot conceive the abolition of the *Nationalrath* being proposed at all. Even the American Senate, clothed with special powers and a special dignity which the *Ständerath* does not share, is clearly less strong than either the President or the House of Representatives. It is less strong, if only for this reason. As long as the nation exists at all, it must have some kind of Assembly representing the nation; it must have an Executive in some shape, though not necessarily in the shape of a President. But if the nation should ever forsake the Federal pattern, and should fuse the separate being of the States into a single whole, the main reason for the existence of the Senate would have passed away.

We may hold then that the supreme power in any constitution cannot be mathematically divided, but that it must practically rest in some one of the powers of the State, and that it will rest either in the Executive or in the most popular branch of the Legis-

lature. There have been times in England, there are now States on the Continent, where the Executive power—that is, in those cases, the King or other Sovereign—is or has been the strongest power in the State. In England now, and in such foreign States as have really adopted the English model, the strongest power in the State is the most popular branch of the Legislature, the House of Commons or whatever answers to it. The power of the King or the power of the popular Assembly is in each case that to which the other powers of the State have to yield in the end. Yet it does not at all follow that the other powers are of no importance or of no value. It is absurd to call them balances, according to any mathematical theory of balances; but they may be checks in a very practical and valuable sense. A sovereign who has to consult an Assembly of any kind is in a different position from a sovereign who can act or legislate purely according to his personal will. The Assembly may have very small powers; it may have merely consultative powers; and yet it may not be without its use. It may hinder many a freak of despotism; it may cause the sovereign to show some regard to decency and public opinion; at the very least, it causes the sovereign to think twice, and even that by itself is something. Or again, a Legislature may have much higher powers than these, and yet not hold anything at all like the position of an English Parliament. Still we cannot conceive the Executive and the Legislature ever being perfectly balanced; each may exercise a great influence over the other; but one must be the stronger, when the question comes to be tried. Nowhere did the two powers seem to be more evenly balanced than in the United States; yet when, in the case of President Johnson, the two came to a real trial of strength, Congress proved to be the stronger. Mr. Johnson had indeed the disadvantage of being a kind of accidental President, whose accession no one had really designed; but the same could not fail to happen with any President. It is indeed sometimes said that the President and the Congress are alike representatives of the nation; but this is not strictly so. The President does indeed, practically if not in theory, receive his office from the nation; but he is not, like Congress, the nation itself by representation.

In our own system we see that the virtual supremacy of one power in the State is quite consistent with a very useful set of practical checks, though it admits of no mathematical reckoning of balances. No one argues that, because there are three powers in the State, therefore two may outvote the third. No one argues that, if the King and the Lords are agreed, they may look on the Commons as outvoted. As things are now, an opposition between the King and the Commons, such as the present opposition between the French President and the Chamber of Deputies, can hardly be conceived. It is understood that the royal authority is to be exercised by persons approved by the Commons, whom the Commons—or, sometimes, as in two late cases, the people itself—practically, though indirectly, appoint and remove. Controversy goes on, not between the Commons as a body and any power external to the Commons, but between two parties in the House of Commons itself. But this practical subordination of the Executive to one branch of the Legislature is very far from making the Executive a shadow. In one most important respect it actually strengthens the Executive. An English Minister is something more than a mere Executive Minister; he is the chief and leader of the House of Commons itself, possessing a practical initiative in all important legislation. But he holds this great position, so utterly different from that of an American President or his Ministers, simply because he is himself a member, and in some sort a creature, of the House. To Ministers who are part of itself, whom it can at pleasure make and destroy, the House can afford to grant powers which would never be granted to an Executive which was external to the House, and therefore possibly hostile to it.

So with regard to the House of Lords; here too is a check, but not a balance. It is understood that the Lords must in the end yield to the unmistakable will of the Commons; but it does not follow that the Commons always act exactly as they might act if there were no House of Lords. Neither House wishes for a collision, if it can help it. The Commons bear in mind that their legislation has to be reviewed in another place. The Lords commonly know by a kind of tact how far their power of revision may be safely carried. The Lords, unlike the Commons, can at any moment be "swamped"; there is the extreme remedy ready to be used if it is needed, but which all parties and all powers wish to abstain from using if they can possibly do without it. Here then is a power which is practically supreme in the State, but which by no means does away with the use or the authority of the other powers. Only with us there is no childish reckoning of one, two, and three. Each power knows its place; and the supremacy of that one which is practically supreme is exercised invisibly and without collision with the others. A Marshal is surely not greater than an English King; a Senate of yesterday is surely not greater than an English House of Lords; it can be no loss of dignity for them to do what King and Lords have long learned to do. In England, as in France, there are three powers; but we have long since learned their real order, and we no longer count them on our fingers. The only approach to argument the other way is to say that the Senate does not answer to the House of Lords, that the House of Lords is composed of privileged persons, while the Senate is largely elective. Nobody ever thought that the constitution of the two bodies was the same. It was simply impossible that it should be so. The English House of Lords is what the circumstances of English history have made it. No power on earth

could call such a body into being ready made. But the devisers of different forms of "the Other House" have to hit upon this mode of appointment and that, all of which are purely artificial, though one may be better devised and may be more popular than another. All—save in the Federal systems—agree in this, that, though the State may get on better with them, it could get on without them. Some kind of representative Assembly there must be; some kind of Executive there must be. But "the Other House" is ornamental and not necessary. Even if it be elective, it is not representative in the same sense as the more popular body. It does not represent the nation, but only some parts of the nation. Let it be made up of, or chosen by, older men or richer men or supposed wiser men, or by some local assemblies or bodies of magistrates; it is still only an ingenious shift; it is not coequal either with the Executive or with the popular Chamber. The American Senate is representative. It represents the States, as the House of Representatives represents the united nation. But the French Senate represents nothing except the abstract belief—very likely a perfectly sound one—that legislation will be better done by two Chambers than by one. A body like the Senate undoubtedly has its use; but then it ought to know its place, and to understand that it is only an ingenious creation, while the Chamber of Deputies is something more. Two Houses of practically equal power can never work; the "Other House" must be content to take out in dignity what it lacks in power. The question is not a question of one, two, and three; it is a question whether one man or the nation is the stronger. How is that question to be settled? Kings, Presidents, Councils, have all shown themselves capable of listening to reason; it remains to be proved whether that particular form of Executive called a Marshal has, or has not, a claim to be reckoned as an *Ens Rationis*.

THE SCOTCH ROMAN CATHOLIC HIERARCHY.

THERE is no reason to doubt the accuracy of the report that Pius IX. intends to signalize the close of his enterprising pontificate by the establishment of a Roman Catholic hierarchy for Scotland. It remains of course to be seen whether His Holiness will live to carry out the design himself, but arrangements are, we believe, so far advanced that his death would merely cause a temporary delay. Nor is it at all probable that the English Government or the English public will repeat the not very dignified or creditable blunder of 1850 by any attempt to interfere with pretensions which can only affect the persons immediately concerned. Mr. Badenoch has indeed expended some superfluous energy in demonstrating the undisputed truism that the Pope has no legal jurisdiction in Scotland; to which it is sufficient to reply that no Bishop or Archbishop whom he may choose to place there is in the least likely to claim any legal powers. The Scotch Presbyterians appear to be bestirring themselves to meet this new "Papal Aggression" by the more rational and legitimate method of reaffirming and expounding with renewed emphasis the leading principles of their own essentially anti-Papal creed. And it is perfectly natural that they should seize the opportunity of doing so. Meanwhile, as a correspondent of the *Times* pointed out the other day in a very sensible letter, "the National Kirk," which "has no 'orders,' and disclaims all sacerdotal authority and sacramental powers, can afford in the lofty pride of her Calvinistic orthodoxy to look calmly, if not contemptuously, on ecclesiastical evolutions without her own pale which may be suggested by the spiritual requirements of either of those twin sisters, Popery and Prelacy," whose distinctive doctrines she holds in nearly equal abhorrence. There is indeed another rival claimant on the spiritual allegiance of Scotchmen, which fully deserves the title said to have been always given it by "the old Master" of Balliol, Dr. Jenkyns, when addressing such of his Snell Exhibitioners—they were very few—as were Episcopalians. It is not only, as he used to call it, "a highly respectable communion," comprising among its members most of the Scotch aristocracy, but also, as the same correspondent of the *Times* observes, worthily sustains its ancient traditions among a small but devout minority.

The Scotch Episcopal Church, however, cannot put in the same demurrer, either on civil or ecclesiastical grounds, as the Church of England, to the introduction of a new Papal hierarchy. It has no better legal status than will belong to its coming rival, and neither of the two episcopates can make any pretension to inherit the position of the ante-Reformation Church of the country. The old Scotch hierarchy completely died out, and was only succeeded after a long interregnum, first by one and then by another batch of what Mr. Bright would call "brand-new Bishops" sent from England; and from the second detachment, consecrated in London after the Restoration, the present Episcopal Church derives its succession. It cannot claim lineal descent, like the Anglican Church on this side of the border—and, as Dr. Brady has shown, the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland—from the ancient episcopate. Still less can any Papal hierarchy which Pius IX. or his successor may establish in Scotland make good such a claim. A century and a half elapsed after the Scottish Parliament purged the land of "the Bishop of Rome and all his detestable enormities" before a solitary Vicar Apostolic was appointed, under the sonorous title of "Bishop of Peristacium *in partibus*," to take charge of the scattered Roman Catholic remnant. He arrived at Edinburgh in 1697, and some thirty years later Scotland was divided into two ecclesiastical "districts," the Highland and the Lowland, which were again sub-

divided in 1827 into three Vicariates, Eastern, Western and Northern. Dr. Gillis, the late "Bishop of Edinburgh"—as he was very generally called even by Presbyterians, though he made no claim to the title—was a man of culture and tact, and was deservedly respected beyond the limits of his own communion; he enjoyed by courtesy somewhat the same social position as was accorded with equal reason to the late Bishop Forbes of Brechin. As a rule, however, the Scotch Vicars Apostolic have neither attracted nor courted any general notice, and if the Archbishops and Bishops who are to succeed them should come to occupy a more prominent place in the public eye, that will be owing rather to their own personal qualities than to the change of official nomenclature. As a matter of fact the Roman Catholic Church in Scotland has more practical need for a regular hierarchy than the Episcopalian, being about ten times as large. It includes, we believe, not less than 500,000 of the population, of whom, however, it need hardly be added, a comparatively infinitesimal minority are native Scotchmen. There, as in England, and even more than in England, the Irish immigration supplies the bulk of the laity, and probably of the priesthood also. There are probably more Roman Catholics in Glasgow than in all the rest of Scotland together, putting aside a few of the larger towns. But when it is remembered that the whole population of Scotland is not much over three millions, it will be seen that the proportion of Roman Catholics is considerably larger than in England. The Archbishop of St. Andrews—who, it seems, is to be the head of the new hierarchy—will not find a large flock, if he finds any, gathered under the shadow of the ruined castle of Cardinal Beaton; but then it is said that he is to reside not at St. Andrews but at Edinburgh. And if the Episcopal Church intends, as was lately reported, also to restore the title of the ancient primacy, we presume the Archbishop will continue to have his cathedral at Perth.

The little controversy about this fresh "aggression" which after all is not much more than a storm in a teacup, has been complicated by a supplementary dispute about an alleged autograph letter of Pius IX. to Queen Victoria, thanking her for the liberty accorded him in the matter. If we may credit the assertion of "Adrian de Heldt, Protonotary Apostolic"—the same mysterious personage apparently who the other day attested the Pastoral of the "Order of Corporate Reunion"—this report is correct; and another correspondent of the *Times*, whom we have already quoted, considers that such a procedure on the part of His Holiness would be only "a graceful act towards the sovereign of a country where the Church is literally freer and less hampered in its necessary action than in any other European State, Catholic or Protestant." Mr. Adrian de Heldt, who is, we presume, a Roman official of some kind or other, professes to speak with direct authority. He tells us that "Pius IX., in the evening of his life, has often been gratefully amazed at the courteous toleration shown to Catholics under British rule," and adds that he has himself several times heard His Holiness express this sentiment and congratulate English Catholics on their happy lot as citizens of this great Empire. So far there is nothing to surprise us, for Pius IX. has never made any secret of his predilection for England. But the writer adds that "the Holy Father has lately embodied this sentiment in an autograph letter to Her Majesty, as the best way of thanking England and Englishmen, and also to announce half officially a change in Church government among the Scottish Roman Catholics." Such a letter would be quite in keeping with all that is known of the character and antecedents of Pius IX., and we are inclined to agree with the Protonotary that, if it has really been written—which, however, is hardly consistent with the Premier's reply to the Manchester Orangemen—it was a graceful act of personal recognition. It could of course have no official significance, and would neither imply nor elicit any official sanction of the proposed hierarchy on the part of the Queen. The Pope is well aware how largely his own communion has profited by the impartial application under British rule of those principles of religious liberty which he has felt it right formally to anathematize in the Syllabus. And there can be no doubt that he has in fact always manifested an unmistakable, however illogical, preference for heretical England and its people. It may be a survival of the liberal opinions which characterized the opening of his reign, but anyhow it is a fact. One is reminded of the still stranger admiration always expressed by a predecessor of Pius IX., an abler but hardly less uncompromising pontiff than himself, for the model Protestant Sovereign of the day, who fully reciprocated his esteem. "There is only one man in Europe worthy to marry me," Queen Elizabeth used to say, "and that is the Pope"—Sixtus V.

If Pius IX. lives to complete the organization of the proposed hierarchy in Scotland, it will be the third change of the kind he has introduced during his pontificate. In England and Holland diocesan Bishops have already been substituted for Vicars Apostolic. The change concerns the clergy rather than the laity, but it would be a gain to both classes, especially to the former, if it were carried out consistently, which however has not been done. Vicars Apostolic are held under the direct control of the Propaganda, and are thus more completely creatures of the Pope than diocesan Bishops are, or at least were before the revolution effected by the Vatican decree on the supreme ordinary and universal jurisdiction of Rome. But the hierarchy whose lofty prerogatives were advertised with such magniloquent unwisdom from the Flaminian Gate enjoy the titles without the independent authority of diocesan Bishops. They have, in technical language, no *forum externum*, and are still kept in practical subjection to the Propaganda.

ganda. Moreover, the institution of parish priests, with the canonical rights appertaining to them as such, forms the normal complement of a diocesan episcopate. But this part of the programme was studiously omitted in England, and will no doubt be omitted in Scotland. Centralization, as opposed to local self-government, is the watchword of the Holy See under its present rule, and has been increasingly so ever since the overthrow of the old Gallican hierarchy by the Concordat of Pius VII. with Napoleon. An army of priests marching under the word of command of the Bishop, and of Bishops under the command of the Pope, is the ideal everywhere aimed at now, and it was admirably exemplified in the perfect drill of the majority at the Vatican Council. Hence the gradual elimination, steadily carried out for many years past in France and elsewhere, of all national or diocesan liturgies, and the rigidly enforced requirement of "quinquennial faculties," which makes all bishops mere tenants at will of the Vatican. They pay by their unconditional subjection to Rome for the unconditional control of their clergy, and what used to be considered the aristocracy of the Church is bowed down beneath an absolute monarchy. The creation of a national episcopate does not therefore in the present day mean, either for bishops, clergy, or people, what it would have meant in an earlier age. It is a change of form rather than of substance, and adds more to the external lustre than to the independence or practical usefulness of prelates who are decorated with titles which have lost much of their original significance. A Bishop of Peristadium *in partibus* does not look so imposing a personage as an Archbishop of St. Andrews, but it is not so many years since an Archbishop of Paris—the largest diocese in the Roman Catholic Church—found himself sharply and publicly rebuked by the pontiff for attempting to exercise what his predecessors would have treated as an integral part of their ordinary jurisdiction. While therefore to Protestants the establishment of a new hierarchy in Scotland can make no difference at all, the difference to Roman Catholics generally, and even to the prelates themselves, will be far less important than may appear at first sight. In theory it implies a closer approximation to the ancient diocesan as distinguished from the Papal system of Church government; in practice it combines the dignified formalities of episcopal administration with the solid realities of absolute Roman supremacy.

THE YACHT RACING OF 1877.

THE majority of Englishmen, much stirred as they are by most contests of speed, seem to take little interest in the struggles of racing yachts. Every year, as May comes round, a large section of the public is, or appears to be, greatly concerned as to the probable result of the Derby. The graceful language of the sporting writers is learnt and reproduced, pedigrees are mastered, the performances of the favourite and, when the time comes, of the winner, are discussed with an affectation of considerable knowledge. As the University Boat-Race draws near, profound interest is felt, or at all events expressed, in the doings of the two crews, and conversation all over London is for a while full of riverside gossip and of boating terms more or less misused; but the great yacht matches pass little noticed and little cared for. This kind of racing seems to most people a mysterious pursuit the pleasure of which they utterly fail to comprehend. It is true that there is what the reporters call a large and brilliant gathering during the Cowes week; but this is principally because it comes at such a very convenient time, just at the close of the London season, and it is no very strong interest in the struggles of yachts which brings people to the shores of the Isle of Wight, for the Cowes matches are often exceedingly tame. Much finer contests attract none save those specially interested in yachting. It is strange that there should be such indifference, for yacht-racing, though nothing but a sport, often gives examples of that bold and skilful seamanship in which for many generations Englishmen have been thought to excel the men of other countries. It is sometimes asserted that the sailors of our time are not equal to those of other days; but, without entering into the controversy which has been raised on the subject, it may safely be said that those who now handle yachts are at least as well skilled and as adventurous as those who went before them. No one can desire that yacht-racing should attain the terrific and overwhelming popularity of the University Boat-Race; but a community which prides itself on its appreciation of nerve and skill may well give some attention to a pursuit in which nerve and skill are pre-eminently required. Last year two yachts beat against a full gale of wind from Torquay to the Eddystone Lighthouse, a feat of great difficulty, and of no inconsiderable danger. The late season witnessed nothing so daring as this; but some of the races were admirably sailed, and a brief record of the more important contests may interest some persons outside yachting circles, if they can succeed for the moment in divesting themselves of the unpleasant ideas with which, in the minds of most landmen, the sea is too closely associated.

Some well-known yachts, which in former years had achieved much, were not fitted out for racing this season; but amongst the craft which assembled early in the Thames were two new vessels, the *Miranda* and *Jullanar*, both of which from the first attracted attention well justified by their subsequent doings. The *Miranda*, a beautiful schooner of 135 tons, the masterpiece of Mr. John Harvey of Wivenhoe, was adroit for the first time. The

Jullanar, a yawl, had cruised during the previous season, but now first appeared among the racers. This vessel has perhaps received more notice than any yacht since the days of the famous *America*, and not without reason. Her shape is marked by bold departures from the established form. She was designed and built by a gentleman who was not a shipbuilder, and who, it is believed, had never designed or built a vessel before. She is of grotesque ugliness, but possesses marvellous powers of sailing, being indeed in some respects almost unequalled. It may easily be imagined that yachtsmen, who are highly conservative, are full of "amazement and admiration" at this unconventional vessel.

The first important match of the year was that sailed from Southend to Harwich, in which the *Miranda*, the *Jullanar*, the *Australia*, that most happily named yacht the *Vol-au-Vent*, and other vessels took part. A strong south-westerly wind, in pleasant contrast to the languid breezes in which so many matches are wearily contested, sent the pleasure fleet at a furious pace along the muddy waters of the Eastern coast. It was indeed a singular proof of the speed attained by modern racing yachts that the steamer which had to accompany the race could not keep up with the leading vessels, and was obliged to make her way to Harwich by a shorter line than that along which their course lay. The contest narrowed itself into a struggle between the *Australia*, the *Jullanar*, and the *Miranda*. The last-named vessel was extremely unlucky, carrying away the end of her main boom and also her foretopmast; but before the latter of these mishaps the *Australia* had passed her, and seemed for some time likely to win. Outside Harwich Harbour, however, the vessels had to haul their wind, and here the *Jullanar*, very well handled and showing remarkable weatherly qualities, passed the *Australia* at the last moment, and came in a winner, the *Miranda*, even in her crippled state, being third. In the match back from Harwich to Southend the new schooner and the strange yawl again distinguished themselves, the latter holding her own against the *Vol-au-Vent* in a dead beat to windward, and coming in only fifteen seconds behind that famous cutter. The *Miranda*, as before, was third.

The next considerable race, that from the Nore to Dover, was uninteresting, being sailed in a very light and uncertain wind; but the *Vol-au-Vent* showed her extraordinary power of working to windward in gentle breezes, and would have taken the prize had she not carried away her bobstay shackle. As it was, she came in first, but time allowance gave the first prize, as on many subsequent occasions, to the *Neva*, a yacht to be spoken of with some respect, as, both in this season and in the preceding one, she has won more money in prizes than any other vessel. The slow voyage along the coast of Kent was followed by some matches off Dover, sailed under the management of the Cinque Ports Club, two of which should certainly be placed in the select category of races worthy of long remembrance. In the first of these the *Jullanar* had to contend against the famous *Florinda*, generally considered the most successful yacht of the day and for a time thought almost invincible. In two Thames matches she had headed the *Jullanar*, but now the latter took a trenchant revenge, for she beat the *Florinda*, despite the delay occasioned by having to pick up a man who had fallen overboard. Those who know the very short space of time by which a yacht race is usually won can imagine how the *Jullanar* must have sailed when, notwithstanding this accident, she could beat such an antagonist as the *Florinda*. The *Miranda* won a schooner match at this time, but the second remarkable race referred to above was that sailed from Dover to Boulogne on June 14th. The *Phantom*, *Australia*, *Miranda*, *Florinda*, *Jullanar*, and others started in a strong north-easterly wind, which had raised a considerable sea in the Channel. On the way to Boulogne the *Phantom* led, followed by the *Australia*, a powerful schooner capable of wonderful speed in a long stretch on one tack in a strong breeze. After rounding the mark-boat off Boulogne, the yachts were close-hauled, and a vigorous struggle between the leaders appeared likely; but at a moment when the *Australia*, which was gaining, was on the *Phantom's* weather quarter, the latter lost her bowsprit, and the *Australia*, sailing away from the rest of the fleet, won easily. The speed of this race marked it as an exceptional one, the winner having sailed from Dover to Boulogne and back, a distance of fifty-two nautical miles, in four hours and twelve minutes. It may be doubted whether a Channel steamer could cover the distance in less time.

Some regattas not marked by any events of special interest followed, and at the end of the month a match from Barrow to the Clyde, sailed in an uncertain wind, was won by the *Jullanar*, the number of competing vessels being small. In the Clyde matches the principal distinction fell to the *Lufra*, an immense yawl, sometimes very fast in smooth water. The *Jullanar* was not successful, though on one occasion an extraordinary shoot up into the wind, which she made in order to weather the flag-boat, greatly astonished the experts who witnessed it. In the Irish races, victories were gained by the *Cythera*, a large cutter, and by the *Jullanar*: while at the Havre Regatta there were two fine contests between the *Florinda*, the *Latona*, and the *Miranda*. Subsequently in a Western Yacht Club match the two first-named vessels met the *Jullanar*, and were beaten by her, but shortly afterwards, in a Torbay match, the order was reversed, and the *Jullanar* was beaten by the *Florinda* and the *Latona*.

The Cowes week brought a large gathering of yachts to the placid waters of the Solent; but the racing was at first marred by bad weather, there being a terrific downfall on the first day when the *Hildegard*, much aided by good luck, won the Queen's cup. After this there was, on August 8, a magnificent yawl match, sailed

in a very strong breeze, and won by the *Latona*, the *Florinda*'s bowsprit going when she and the *Latona* were abreast. This race, though not equal in point of speed to that sailed to Boulogne and back, gave another instance of the pace of racing yachts. The course, measuring forty-five miles, was sailed over by the *Latona* in four hours and eight minutes. On the same day, in a Southampton Club match, the *Australia*, with one of her extraordinary bursts of speed, sailed completely away from the *Miranda* and the *Corinne*. The cutter match on the 9th was won by the *Vol-au-Vent*, and the schooner match on the next day gave the prize to the *Miranda*. In the Ryde week which followed the schooner race was a failure, owing to want of wind, and in the other contests the most marked feature was the beautiful sailing of the *Vol-au-Vent*, which, however, had twice to yield the prize to a smaller vessel, according to that time allowance which is so terrible for large craft. The race round the Isle of Wight, which concluded the regatta, was one of the best of the year, the yachts having to work against wind and tide, so that their best powers of sailing were called into play. The *Vol-au-Vent*, admirably handled, was victorious.

Two other races of much interest marked the now rapidly waning season. In one of the matches of the Royal Albert Yacht Club those inveterate antagonists, the *Florinda* and the *Jullimar*, met again. The latter had not distinguished herself either at Cowes or Ryde, but on this occasion she showed that power of sailing in a strong breeze and a sea which has won for her so much admiration from seamen. The *Florinda* had beaten the strangely-fashioned yawl in the race round the Isle of Wight, and in another of the Ryde matches; but this time the older vessel was vanquished. The like happened in the Channel race sailed not long afterwards from Weymouth to Dartmouth, when the *Vol-au-Vent*, *Florinda*, and *Jullimar* met. The last-named vessel beat the *Florinda*, but was in turn beaten, after a splendid struggle, by the *Vol-au-Vent*. With this contest the racing of 1877, so far as the large yachts were concerned, practically came to an end, some cruising trials in the North hardly falling in the same category as the matches which have been mentioned. As has been seen, the season was marked by several very interesting races, and witnessed the maiden efforts of a yacht which, differing in some respects from any previously built, sailed with great success. No vessel can be named as having been clearly and by a marked degree the best of the year; but probably, if a sailor who had seen the contests of this season were asked to select the yachts he preferred as possessing great speed and being at the same time seaworthy in the full sense of the word, not mere racing-machines, he would, after a fond glance at the *Latona*, choose the well-tried *Florinda* and the young, but by no means lovely, *Jullimar*.

LAY FELLOW-WORKERS.

AT this time of year there is a clerical whip out, summoning all available assistance towards Christmas decorations, collections, distributions, and many other parochial duties. All these matters require a certain amount of lay help, and, generally speaking, that help is forthcoming when asked for. "What we want," said a clergyman on preaching to his congregation for the first time, "is plenty of fellow-workers." This term is essentially a piece of pulpit slang. Who ever heard of a soldier or lawyer wishing for "fellow-workers"? There are few professions in which the intrusion of amateur assistance would be welcomed; so perhaps it may be a good thing that the clergy are willing to share the labour of finding something for idle hands to do with the less respectable agency to which it is exclusively assigned by Dr. Watts. The next week or two will be the special season of the lay fellow-worker. The incantation scene may be said to be already going on, and lay helpers are beginning to haunt rectories and vicarages. There will be endless meetings in the dining-rooms and studies of these abodes, and the atmospheres of clergy houses generally will be strongly redolent of fellow-workers. These excellent people, instructed by the clergyman's wife, or, in a few instances, by the clergyman himself, will go forth upon the various missions of piety and mercy assigned to them—ruining hollies, laurels, and other ever-green shrubs with their devoted hands; chipping and defacing church walls with their hammers and nails; and making life a burden to everybody of moderate wealth by their devout mendicancy. But even the payment of black-mail will not satisfy these worthy folks, for they get up concerts, and coerce their victims into patronizing them in person. On the whole, it would often be preferable to endure two or three hours of homily from the clergyman himself, if his breath would last so long, rather than to listen to the warblings of his fellow-workers. Who shall describe the sufferings of the pious patrons of local concerts? Just as the musical thumb-screw has been turned to the last bearable extremity, the faithful set up an uproarious encore. Not only have we to endure bad music for charitable purposes by night, but we must needs be pestered by day with requests for the loan of carts and horses, gardeners, carpenters, and workmen, to assist in the various Christmas exploits of the fellow-worker. A heavy embargo is also laid upon the conservatories of the wicked worldling, and his camellias, which he would but too gladly have seen adorning his parish church in their original beauty, are tortured into the forms of texts and monograms; but his pastor tells him not to mind, as it would never do

to offend the vulgar enthusiast who has wired and mossed and "church-worked" the poor flowers, until they might almost as well have been cut out of turnips. But if they torture our flowers, spoil our shrubs, and offend our musical taste, the fellow-workers are at any rate useful in jogging our memories about the charitable objects to which our subscriptions are due; indeed so zealous are they in the performance of this kind office that they occasionally enter donations as annual subscriptions, although we have never known them to make the opposite mistake.

We must not be misunderstood as wanting in appreciation of the lay fellow-worker. Not only do we fully acknowledge his great usefulness, but we maintain that he is more sinned against than sinning. He is like the well-known willing horse, which is so often overworked, and yet more than this, he is generally endued with the patience, if not with some of the other characteristics, of a humbler animal. Let him show the very least inclination to make himself useful, and work will be showered upon him. If he has a taste for painting, there is some work to be done in the chancel which he would find interesting; if he is fond of writing, there is the parish magazine in which to display his powers; if he is musical, he will be enlisted for the choir and church concerts; and if he is a good man of business, he may amuse himself with the charity accounts. Let him not fear that his talents will be wasted. However great a fool he may be, he will at any rate do for a churchwarden, provided he will blindly support his spiritual chief at vestry meetings. Then there are endless treasurerships, secretarieships, boards, committees, and sub-committees demanding his energies. It sometimes seems as if the clergy forgot that laymen have any secular duties. Some of them appear to regard all human energy as a vast machine intended solely for their own special use.

The female fellow-worker is generally a spinster. She believes implicitly in her clergyman, and contrives to be in church whenever he preaches. She is always busy. Her days are filled up with an endless whirl of district-visiting, mothers' meetings, schools, cooking classes, and other matters which owe their origin to the rectory. Her parson is her pope, and she loves the shepherd's voice, even when its tones are those of reproof. She tells him her "difficulties," reads only such books as he allows, and hangs on his slightest words. Her affection for him is purely Platonic, not even making his wife jealous. Her soul thirsts for discipline, as the hart for the waterbrooks, and nothing would give her greater pleasure than to be desired by her spiritual director to scourge herself or wear an under garment made of horsehair. The male fellow-worker is often the social valet of some great lady of a benevolent turn. He finds that to assist her in her works of charity, and to act as a cat's paw in certain ecclesiastical matters of doubtful legality, is the likeliest means whereby he may be received at her house as a friend of the family. Sometimes he is a member of the lower middle class, who is anxious to "better himself," and to whom it is a step in the world to be on terms of intimacy with a clergyman; and in return for an occasional evening spent with the curate he will do a great deal of hard work. With women it is different, as clergymen's wives will scarcely receive the faithful of the middle class on the same terms of familiarity as will the sagacious curate. Even a working party is apt to get split up into little cliques, and caste can make its presence felt at a mothers' meeting. Indeed such gatherings require a considerable amount of judicious management; and the selection of an improving book to be read to the workers is not all that is necessary to make them innocuous. We are quite aware that many excellent women think that the payment of two shillings and sixpence a year to a Dorcas society, and the making at its meetings of clothing for hitherto naked niggers, is a very precious means of grace; but a herd of women congregated together, even for a pious object, does not always separate without a good deal of gossip, if not absolute scandal. And yet there is doubtless to many natures an advantage in combined work. It makes people aware that they are not the only human beings in the world engaged in works of charity; it supplies system where system is often wanting; it tends to economize funds; and it cheers and encourages to increased exertion. But, in enumerating these advantages of fellowship in good works, we always presuppose the system used to be a good one. Too often, however, the reverse is the case. And not only is the system a bad one, but, instead of being made a means to an end, more is thought about its accurate working than about the object which it was intended to secure. In the case of charities it is usually undesirable that the system on which they are managed should be obtrusively paraded before the recipients. But fellow-workers of the approved type are much too fond of allowing red tape to appear in their ministrations; and thus they contrive to associate them in the minds of the working classes with Poor-law relief and parish officers. Their want of tact has caused flannel petticoats to become humiliations, and scarlet cloaks badges of slavery. The very essence of human charity is soured to the recipient by the knowledge that it is organized upon a principle, economized, and docketed. Again, the overstraining of the system of district-visiting becomes odious to the poor. How would the rich relish a weekly call from some lay emissary of the clergyman's, proffering unasked advice as to the management of their households and the education of their children? Surely they would say, with indignation, "Rectors we know, and curates we know, but who are ye?" It is indeed hard to tell whether the district-visitor represents the religious or the secular element. There is also something humiliating in being divided and subdivided, like the

heads of a sermon, at the clerical will. Already there is the parish, and this is separated into different portions for the rector and his curates; while each of these is again subdivided into districts, with a visitor over each. We are inclined to think that some people expect to find the kingdom of Heaven itself cut up into parishes. Be this as it may, it is not in district-visiting that the fellow-worker reaches the summit of lay ambition, but in conducting short services in some outlying school or cottage. There he may even shine for the time being with a *quasi*-parsonic glory.

Although we may take exception to some of their proceedings, or rather to the manner in which they conduct them, we willingly own that lay fellow-workers, upon the whole, do a vast amount of good. If they are occasionally guilty of some slight indiscretions, they fully expiate them at an ordeal which it is their unhappy fate to undergo. This trial is the heavy tea which is annually administered to them by their rector or vicar. Imagine a room densely crowded with fellow-workers, who may be briefly described as oxygen-consuming animals, rendered still more unbearable by the fumes of tea and the aroma of cooked meats. But we will not enlarge upon these horrors. To this banquet the "influential layman" of the neighbourhood is invited, and he is further requested to "say a few words" to the company assembled. Without having a very accurate idea of the sphere of usefulness in which the assembled worthies have been distinguishing themselves, he embarks upon his littlespeech, being always ready, as every influential layman should be, to talk pleasantly about nothing at the shortest notice. The rector then makes his little oration, in which he assures his lordship, or "our worthy member," as the case may be, how deeply he appreciates his kindness in appearing among them on this occasion, after which he congratulates the parish on its good fortune in possessing such an excellent body of fellow-workers, making a few ponderous jokes which rival the gambols of an elephant in their sprightliness and sparkling vivacity. When on such occasions we have heard the rector return thanks for the unwholesome victuals which he had provided, we have wondered why the clergy seem to consider "meat-teas" the most sanctifying of all meals. The worldly mind may consider them an abomination, but it appears to be "of faith" that a combination of mufius and cold ham is good for the soul, whatever it may be for the body. From the few specimens of such nondescript repasts as it has been our privilege to witness, we have drawn the conclusion that, if in nothing else, the fellow-worker is to be envied in his digestion. We verily believe him to be more enduring of food than even the bun-eating children who distinguish themselves at school feasts; and it is at any rate a satisfaction to reflect that our country is blessed with an army of men and women ever ready to give their labour and to endanger their digestions for the benefit of their fellow-creatures.

CATTLE AND MEAT.

THE show of fat stock at Islington this week has afforded fresh evidence of the depressed condition of agriculture. Compared with last year, it displayed a very marked falling off. The total entries of horned cattle have decreased from 242 to 173, or more than twenty-eight per cent.; and the sheep also were less numerous. It is true indeed that last year's exhibition was exceptionally full. The Midland Counties Club, which until then had held its show a week before the Smithfield Club, last year postponed it to the week after, and consequently the animals intended for Birmingham were able to appear at the Agricultural Hall; whereas this year the Midland Counties Club went back to its old practice, and the beasts exhibited at Birmingham were shut out from the Agricultural Hall by the rule which excludes all cattle exhibited elsewhere within the previous month. This explanation goes only a short way, however; for the Birmingham show itself was even more scanty. And, moreover, the entries at the Agricultural Hall this week were nearly fourteen per cent. below the average of recent years, when the Birmingham animals were excluded. The really effective causes, no doubt, are the cattle-plague, the state of trade, and the depressed condition of agriculture. As regards the restrictions imposed by the Privy Council because of the cattle-plague, the rule which forbids beasts to be removed from the metropolitan area was relaxed only at the end of November, when the time of entry was already passed. That this rule held back intending exhibitors is evident from the desire of the Smithfield Club Council to get it suspended for the occasion; and, indeed, it stands to reason that the owners of valuable animals would in several cases refuse to send them to a show which they could leave only to be slaughtered. Several others doubtless were deterred by the fear of infection. Only a very few could win prizes, whereas all were equally exposed to the danger of infection. To prepare a beast for exhibition is a very costly undertaking; and when at the end much risk has to be run, and the beast has to be slaughtered whatever the price offered, it is not very surprising that many persons should be unwilling to incur the expense. It has been suggested also that the depression of trade has had a considerable effect. The middle classes are so severely pinched by the repudiations and bankruptcies of foreign Governments, the cessation of interest from so many investments, and the depreciation of foreign securities generally, in addition to the stagnation of business, that butchers and restaurant-keepers are less ready than in better times to bid fancy prices for the prize animals. This is no doubt true; but it is not a kind of consideration likely to actuate many minds,

though possibly it influenced some. A far more potent cause, probably the most potent of all, is the unsatisfactory position in which farmers find themselves. During the past quarter of a century of almost unbroken prosperity rents have been steadily rising, notwithstanding that the competition to which agriculture is exposed has gradually been growing more and more intense. At first the competition was confined almost entirely to corn, butter, wool, hides, and bacon; but of late it has sprung up in the fresh-meat trade also, and thus farmers are debarred from recovering the increased rent from the consumer, while at the same time the ravages of the cattle-plague have added grievously to the perplexities of the stockowner. Within the past few years, while the difficulties of the farmers were thus becoming greater, a new embarrassment arose. The agricultural labourers suddenly insisted upon and obtained higher wages. Further, the depression of trade under which the towns suffer has diminished the purchasing power of the mass of consumers. The effect of this combination of unfavourable circumstances is made manifest in a great variety of ways. The discontent of the farmers has exacted from the Government large subsidies in aid of the local rates, and has compelled Parliament to pass the Agricultural Holdings Act; but it still continues, and makes itself heard in demands for greater security for capital, and greater freedom of cropping. In some parts of the country, moreover, tenants are throwing up their holdings, and farms remain unlet. Lastly, there is an actual decrease in the number of cattle in the United Kingdom. As we pointed out when commenting on the agricultural returns for the present year, more land is annually laid down in grass; but, at the same time, fewer cattle are maintained. It is evident that this proceeding could pay only if the price of meat steadily rose; but meat is now no higher than it was twelve months ago. When his position is thus unsatisfactory, it is not surprising that the cattle-feeder should be unwilling to bear the cost of preparing prize animals. That this is the most potent cause of the diminished entries would seem to be proved by the fact that only in some departments has the quality been sustained in the Islington show, while at Birmingham there has been a marked falling off.

If this is the correct explanation of the comparative neglect of prize shows, it promises ill for our meat supply. Cattle-farmers who are too straitened to compete for prizes are hardly in a position to improve the breed of their stock, or to make experiments with a view to more economic methods of rearing and feeding. Nor, if we attribute the result to cattle-plague rather than to want of prosperity, is the immediate prospect much brighter. The plague has obtained too firm a footing among us to be speedily stamped out; and, even if it could be, there would still remain the foot-and-mouth disease to harass and perplex farmers. Whatever be the cause, all branches of agriculture are at present in an unsatisfactory state. Year by year the area under crops is being contracted, and at the same time the acreage under grass is extending, while yet the number of our cattle is decreasing. Thus the whole produce of the soil is diminishing; that is to say, a less return is made for the capital invested. If the farmers could exact a higher price for what they have to sell, they might be as well off as before although the rest of the community would be poorer. But the exaction of higher prices is impossible. So far as grain is concerned, this is evident; for the sources from which we now draw our supplies are practically exhausted. And, at any rate, while the present depression lasts, and the importation of American meat is kept up, higher prices for beef and mutton seem equally out of the question. Indeed, as higher prices would probably induce a demand for higher wages from the labourers, they would help the farmer but little, unless he could also secure a reduction of rent. It appears clear, therefore, that the true remedy is to be sought in improved methods of feeding. The old wasteful system of turning out cattle upon the grass, and leaving them exposed to all the inclemencies of a most changeable climate, must be given up. Cattle, as it seems too often to be forgotten, are endowed with feelings, and therefore suffer—that is, waste—under discomfort. Everybody recognizes the fact in the case of horses, although it is strangely overlooked in the case of animals intended for food, and therefore required to be brought to the highest possible condition in the shortest possible time. So, again, more nutritious and more fattening food than hay and grass should be given; or rather hay and grass should be supplemented by condiments more easily assimilated. The mischief is that every man thinks himself qualified by nature to be a farmer. In reality nothing could be further from the truth. How most economically to breed, rear, and feed cattle is a problem requiring for its solution special aptitudes, training, and experience. What we need, then, is a more instructed body of farmers, with adequate capital to carry on their business, and unrestricted freedom to pursue the courses which their judgment tells them to be best. In default of this, experience demonstrates that the produce of our soil must go on decreasing, and we shall be compelled to buy from foreigners what could be as cheaply raised at home. Our food imports have constantly been growing, until now we have to obtain from abroad thirty per cent. more wheat than we grow for ourselves. It would be a very serious matter for the future of the country if we were to become similarly dependent upon the foreigner for our meat supply.

In truth, it is doubtful whether foreign countries are capable of increasing very largely the supplies they now send us. In the first eleven months of the current year there has been an actual and considerable decrease in the importation of live animals. This is doubtless due to the Privy Council

restrictions, and would speedily be made up again if cattle-plague were to disappear. Moreover, there has been a considerable increase in the import of dead meat, much more than compensates for the falling off in the other branch of the trade. Thus the imports have just sufficed to prevent prices from rising, and no more. Are there grounds for believing that they can be permanently augmented so as to reduce prices? We hesitate to give a decided answer where so much depends on unascertained data, but the Consular Reports on the subject published in the summer, corroborated by the past experience of the trade, are all to the effect that the supply from the Continent of Europe cannot be largely increased. The American stock is more plentiful, but we doubt whether very much may be expected thence. During the past two years the American dead meat trade has unquestionably grown surprisingly; but it seems to be established that in the summer months the meat quickly spoils after landing. It is said, indeed, that this may be remedied by the establishment of properly fitted depôts in all the principal towns, and to a considerable extent, no doubt, it may, if the trade proves to be a permanent and an increasing one. In the summer months also, live animals may be brought across the Atlantic with less waste, and may make up for a falling off in the supply of dead meat. But the permanence of the trade depends first on the cost of transport. At present the export trade from the United States is so bad that the steamers plying to New York and Philadelphia are glad to earn freight in any way on the return voyage; it remains to be seen whether they will not considerably raise their charges when prosperity returns. In the second place, the supply of cattle of the quality which English people require is very limited. The Consular Reports show an immense number of cattle both in the United States and Canada, and they are increasing. But the herds of Texas and of the Western States and Territories are not available. The experiment has been tried, and the result has damaged the reputation of American beef. It seems doubtful, therefore, whether the foreign supply can be so largely increased as to reduce prices. For some years longer, at any rate, we must probably continue to look to our home stock as our main dependence, and the prospect it presents is not encouraging.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

II.

AT the present time, when water-colour painting is entering upon a new phase of its existence, it is interesting to be able to take a glance at the past history of the art, and to have the opportunity of renewing our acquaintance with its earlier leaders. The collection of drawings now arranged in the Grosvenor Gallery represents the labour of more than a century. It carries us from the first experiments of the school to its final development, and it affords ample material for a comparison of the various individual styles to which the gradual and steady progress of the art has given birth. But the first impression to be derived from such an exhibition gives less emphasis to the elements of distinction between one master and another than to certain marked characteristics which they possess in common. Water-colour painting up to the present time has only assumed to interpret a single aspect of nature. Speaking broadly, its development has been associated with the growth of the modern feeling for outward nature, and all its resources, with scarcely any exception, have been expended upon the study of landscape. In the devotion of water-colour painters to this one absorbing theme we may find the secret of the influence they have exercised over the English school. The study of outward nature has been a leading motive in nearly all modern English art, both literary and pictorial, and it is only quite recently that there have been any signs of a reactionary tendency in the one or the other. Within the last few years, however, both painters and poets have made an effort to return to the contemplation of human beauty, and the immediate result of this experiment, in so far as the practice of water-colour painting is concerned, has been completely to disturb the prevailing modes of representation. The resources of the artist have been enriched in proportion as the scope of his vision has been widened, and that particular tradition of executive style which was founded upon exclusive attention to one set of truths has been abandoned, but has not yet been replaced.

From an examination of the collection at the Grosvenor Gallery we may learn the means by which this earlier style was gradually perfected. The first water-colour painter who can be said to have exhibited a distinct sentiment for nature was John Robert Cozens, who died in 1799, and who is here represented by seven interesting examples. Gainsborough, his senior by nearly thirty years, may truly be reckoned the founder of English landscape; but his delicately tinted sketches can scarcely claim to rank as works in colour. They are little more than monochrome studies, wherein colour is suggested rather than expressed. But Cozens, although his resources were strictly limited, aimed at a complete realization of the scene before him, and was never content to be merely exact in topographical detail. Everything from his hand bears the stamp of a strong individuality, and shows a power of observation already on the alert to seize those finer truths of light and air which are the life of modern landscape art. Girtin's is the next great name in the history of the school, and his career is perhaps the most remarkable in the whole record of English art. Certainly no English painter before or since

has contrived within so short a time to leave such a lasting monument of genius. As a draughtsman and as a colourist he was equally in advance of his contemporaries; while, by right of the simplicity and grandeur of his design, he must always find a place in the very highest rank. This estimate of Girtin's powers will not seem extravagant to those who have carefully examined the series of his drawings now exhibited, and who can appreciate the graceful severity of the style in which they are executed. The force of his example seems to have so quickened the efforts of others that from the date of his death it becomes impossible any longer to trace the advancement of the art in the work of any one man. With the growing enthusiasm for the beauties of nature came a wider appreciation of the variety of material which nature offers to the artist, and within the limits of landscape itself it was found possible to mark off separate subjects of study sufficient to absorb the energies of different groups of painters. In the works of Edridge, for example, we may note the origin of that style of treating the picturesque forms of old buildings which was afterwards developed in the hands of Prout. Francia, a painter whose powers have not yet been sufficiently recognized, and Samuel Owen, who is here represented by a large and important drawing, devoted themselves with success to the story of the sea. In "The Ferry Boat" (29), by Luke Clennell, we may recognize an early attempt to add an element of human interest, and to combine figures with landscape in natural association, while Howitt and Robert Hills put forth a similar plea on behalf of the animal kingdom. All these efforts, directed towards different classes of natural phenomena, had an influence even upon those who were not specialists in style, and tended to give to water-colour painting a sense of greater fullness and reality. At the same time, moreover, Turner was enlarging the general resources of the art by his splendid experiments in the rendering of colour and aerial truth. The contemporary of Girtin, he did not fail to profit by Girtin's genius; but he lived long enough to carry the practice of water-colour into quite another world, and entirely to revolutionize the prevailing methods of execution. Looking to the magnitude of his enterprise, we need not be surprised to find that it was left partly incomplete. The issue of his life's labour shows indeed that he had not the strength to subdue the new forces he had called into existence; and, if we are disposed to demand of him a perfect artistic result, it will be found only in the graver and more subdued colouring of his earlier time. But, although Turner was partly the victim of his own experiments, these experiments have been a lasting inheritance to water-colour painting. The problems of colour, which he was the first to investigate, have never since been neglected. They have confronted every painter who has attempted the interpretation of nature; and even those who by the bent of their genius were most disposed to employ grave and sober tints have been forced by his example to bring their work into nearer relation with nature. This, we think, may be shown by reference to an artist like De Wint, whose talent is amply illustrated in the present exhibition. De Wint's vision of landscape is always tinged with a certain melancholy sentiment. He loves overcast skies, and is quick to recognize the solemn harmonies of colour that belong to sunless days. If he had lived before Turner, his painting would certainly have been more subdued in effect than that of Girtin, in whom we do not recognize this uniform sadness of mood; but Turner's struggle for stronger realism of effect had influenced the whole school, and if we now compare the drawings of Girtin and De Wint, we shall see that the latter, in spite of his melancholy, uses tints which come nearer to the strength of nature.

Next to the panel occupied by De Wint hang some magnificent examples of the art of Copley Fielding. One drawing in particular (137), lent by Mr. Benson Rathbone, is altogether a most remarkable specimen of landscape-painting, and an excellent illustration of the strength and brilliancy of which water-colour is capable in the hands of a master who understands its resources. Fielding's works do not always yield an equal impression of sincerity. Several views of lake scenery in the present exhibition serve to prove that his talent was too often apt to fall into conventional modes of expression, and to be content with a kind of prettiness that seems to have no foundation in nature. The method here adopted of grouping the works of each master tends no doubt to the marked exposure of such mannerisms, and it is curious to observe how several great reputations suffer in the process. Fielding bears the trial heroically, compared with Barret, whose translations of sunlight seem to be almost mechanical in their method; but perhaps Prout is, of all the masters represented, the one who can least endure this system of exhibition. There are two important architectural drawings from his hand which at first sight seem to be exact repetitions of the same subject, but which on closer examination prove to be very different subjects treated with a terrible sameness of manner. With the advantage of some twenty examples of his work to study and compare, we are forced to the conclusion that his talent was but rarely inspired by nature. A great artist, even of the most marked individuality of style, takes from reality as much as he bestows. His vision is constantly refreshed by the perception of some new truth, and he will recognize that to every scene belongs a special character of its own, which the painter may use according to his own manner, but which it is always perilous to suppress or destroy.

This frank reliance upon nature is the secret of the enduring influence of David Cox. Many painters have possessed a higher imaginative temperament, and have been able to endow their work with a stronger fascination, but there are few who can claim so

strong a trust in nature or such readiness to accept the guidance of reality. Cox's art was always open to impressions, and it therefore rarely wearies us with the monotony of its method. Although he is here represented by nearly fifty drawings, the study of them leaves little sense of fatigue. Subjects often repeated are nearly always so far varied as to produce a fresh effect. He could not return to a scene without finding some new truth to render, some undiscovered beauty in the changing appearances of the atmosphere by which the earth itself was changed. His art may be taken to illustrate the final development of that study of landscape upon which English water-colour painting has in the past been almost exclusively employed. Since his death a younger school has arisen with new ideals and an altered style. In the hands of artists like Walker and Pinwell water-colour has undertaken to study and reproduce a different aspect of nature, and to add to the attractions of landscape a more precise and elaborate realization of the human figures associated with the life of the country.

REVIEWS.

GREEN'S HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE.*

MR. GREEN, about three years ago, had the satisfaction, to use theatrical language, of achieving a brilliant success. He had the rare fortune to write a book that everybody read; scholars acknowledged his learning, his breadth of view, and his grasp of his subject; the world in general, finding that he had strewed the paths of history with flowers, read his book simply because it was interesting; and he paid the penalty of success in being as sharply criticized as he had been warmly eulogized. Some reckoned up the too numerous errors of detail which marred a striking and original work; others, passing these by as immaterial, took a graver tone of remonstrance, and warned instructors of youth to beware of the Republicanism and Socialism that lurked within its pages. But all owned his charm of style and narrative power, and altogether the *Short History of the English People* might boast of having excited much more of public attention than is usually bestowed upon books of its kind.

The *History of the English People*, of which the first volume is now before us, no longer wears the modest guise of a school book. It has become a book of stately appearance, with wide margins and glossy pages, entitled to take its place on the shelves of a library. In fact, though the materials of the earlier book have been worked into it, and though we recognize many of the most brilliant passages as old friends, still the arrangement is so altered, and the amount of fresh matter is so large, that it is substantially a new work. History in these days is one of the most progressive of sciences, and Mr. Green deserves great credit for the readiness with which he has assimilated new information, for the frank and unhesitating manner in which he has withdrawn from untenable positions, and for the pains he has taken to bring his work up to the newest lights. Thus almost the whole of the constitutional part has been re-written in accordance with the views of Professor Stubbs, whom the author associates with Mr. Freeman as his "masters in the study of English history." Moreover, he has to some extent clipped the wings of his imagination, which in the earlier work sometimes took rather lofty flights. In short, the new book, while retaining the life and sparkle of its predecessor, is better proportioned, calmer in tone, and altogether a more ripe and complete piece of work. The incidents of our early history, originally given with luxuriant detail, have here been compressed, and suffer nothing by the compression. Some questionable assertions have been modified or withdrawn. Thus Mr. Green does not demand for the Angles, Saxons, and Jutes quite so early a consciousness of their national unity as he once did. "At the moment," he now says, "when history discovers them, they were being drawn together by the ties of a common blood, common speech, common social and political institutions. There is little ground indeed for believing that the three tribes looked on themselves as one people, or that we can as yet apply to them, save by anticipation, the common name of Englishmen." The whole account of the life of the "English" tribes before their emigration from the Continent is well worth studying. The probable origin of the immemorial distinction between the *eorl* and the *ceorl*, the noble and the commoner, is clearly explained. In the *atheling* or *eorl* we see the descendant of the first settlers, while the *ceorls*, whose cottages surrounded the *eorl's* homestead, were "men sprung, it may be, from descendants of the earliest settler who had in various ways forfeited their claim to a share in the original homestead, or more probably from incomers into the village who had since settled round it and been admitted to a share in the land and freedom of the community." That unsatisfactory and puzzling member of society, neither freeman nor slave, the *let*, is, on this theory, "a descendant of later comers to whom such a share was denied, or in some cases perhaps of earlier dwellers from whom the land had been wrested by force of arms." Mr. Green seems to think that we have fallen off from our forefathers in our ideas of liberty, for he says scornfully,

"In the modern sense of freedom the *let* was free enough. He had house and home of his own, his life and limb were as secure as the *ceorl's*—save as against his lord." If, as these words imply, the *let's* life and limb were at the mercy of his lord, he was a long way short of freedom according to modern ideas.

We must resist the temptation to dwell on these first pages, but we cannot forbear quoting the passage in which the nature of the English Conquest is described. History has preserved for us so few details of this conquest that people are apt to think that it was a speedy business, and to look upon the Britons as a soft and demoralized set whom it was no trouble to beat. Yet the mere length of time occupied in the work is enough to show how far this idea is from the truth:—

What really made the difference between the fate of Britain and that of the rest of the Roman world was the stubborn courage of the British themselves. In all the world-wide struggle between Rome and the German peoples no land was so stubbornly fought for or so hardly won. . . . Its natural defences threw obstacles in its invaders' way. In the forest belts which stretched over vast spaces of country they found barriers which in all cases checked their advance and in some cases finally stopped it. The Kentishmen and the South Saxons were brought utterly to a standstill by the Andredsweald. The East Saxons could never pierce the woods of their western border. The Fens proved impassable to the Northfolk and the Southfolk of East-Anglia. It was only after a long and terrible struggle that the West-Saxons could hew their way through the forests which sheltered the "Gwent" of the southern coast. Their attempt to break out of the circle of woodland which girt in the downs was in fact fruitless for thirty years; and in the height of their later power they were thrown back from the forests of Cheshire. . . . How slow the work of English conquest was may be seen from the fact that it took nearly thirty years to win Kent alone and sixty to complete the conquest of Southern Britain, and that the conquest of the bulk of the island was only wrought out after two centuries of bitter warfare.

As we glance over the history of the dynasty founded by Cerdic, we are struck by the view taken of the reign of Æthelred the Unready. The utter breakdown of the English nation under that king is at first sight inexplicable. Mr. Freeman is content to accept the narrative of the Chronicle as it stands, to believe Æthelred incapable, and his chosen servants to have been possessed with a strange love for committing purposeless treasons. Mr. Green aspires to find the reason of things, and offers an explanation, ingenious but speculative:—

His [Æthelred's] aim was rather to save the Crown from his nobles than England from the Northmen. Handsome and pleasant of address, the young King's pride showed itself in a string of imperial titles, and his restless and self-confident temper drove him to push the pretensions of the Crown to their furthest extent. His aim throughout his reign was to free himself from the dictation of the great nobles, and it was his indifference to their "rede" or counsel that won him the name of "Æthelred the Redeless." From the first he struck boldly at his foes, and Ælfgar, the Ealdorman of Mercia, whom the death of his rival Æthelwine left supreme in the realm, was driven by the King's hate to desert to a Danish force which he was sent in 992 to drive from the coast. Æthelred turned from his triumph at home to meet the forces of the Danish and Norwegian Kings, Swegen and Olaf, which anchored off London in 994. His policy throughout was a policy of diplomacy rather than of arms, and a treaty of subsidy gave time for intrigues which parted the invaders till troubles at home drew both again to the North. Æthelred took great advantage of his success at home and abroad; the place of the great ealdormen in the royal councils was taken by court-thegns, in whom we see the rudiments of a ministry, while the King's fleet attacked the pirates' haunts in Cumberland and the Coten-tin. But in spite of all this activity the news of a fresh invasion found England more weak and broken than ever. The rise of the "new men" only widened the breach between the court and the great nobles, and their resentment showed itself in delays which foiled every attempt of Æthelred to meet the pirate-bands who still clung to the coast.

On this theory the traitorous Ealdorman is not an ungrateful favourite, but an independent noble goaded into treason—a Constantine Bourbon, not a Churchill. However this may be, one thing is certain, that the traitor's name was not, as Mr. Green says, Ælfgar, but Ælfic—whether Ælfic of Mercia or Ælfic of Hampshire may be doubtful. Mr. Green decides for Mercia; Mr. Freeman, it may be remembered, is inclined to charge the treason on the Ealdorman of Hampshire.

If we were called upon to name Mr. Green's strongest point, we should say it was in dealing with the mediæval Church. None of our modern historians have more thoroughly realized, or more clearly brought out, how for several centuries the life of the nation was bound up in the Church. The secret of his power is perhaps that here he takes no side, but is content to write *en naturaliste*. In political and constitutional passages we every now and then trace the hand of the modern Liberal. We feel that at the bottom of his heart he cherishes an antipathy for kings and nobles, and is sighing after "the old English democracy," which, like other ancient democracies, savoured a good deal of aristocracy; for, wherever there is a slave and a serf class, the lowest freeman is in fact a member of an aristocracy. But when he comes to the mediæval Church Mr. Green has no *arrière-pensée*. He is not concerned to prove that it was Protestant or Roman, to paint it all black or all white. He sympathizes heartily with it, but it is the sympathy of the student of human nature, who recognizes in the Church a mighty force working in the main for good, not the sympathy of the religious partisan. Mr. Green can admire the zeal and energy of the Irish Church of the seventh century, and do justice to its work in Northumberland, even while he pronounces unhesitatingly that it was well for England that Rome and Canterbury triumphed over Iona and Lindisfarne:—

To fight against Rome was, as Wilfrid said, "to fight against the world." To repulse Rome was to condemn England to isolation. Dimly

* *History of the English People*. By John Richard Green, M.A. Vol. I. Early England. Foreign Kings. The Charter. The Parliament. With Eight Maps. London: Macmillan & Co. 1877.

as such thoughts may have presented themselves to Oswin's mind, it was the instinct of a statesman that led him to set aside the love and gratitude of his youth and to link England to Rome in the Synod of Whitby.

Excellent, too, is Mr. Green's picture of the Church in its decadence. The Reformation does not come within the limits of the present volume, which ends with the accession of Edward IV. to the throne. But the author shows us clearly the state of things which made the Reformation inevitable, and brings out the part which Wycliffe took in preparing the way for it. The popular conception of Wycliffe as a good Evangelical Protestant in advance of his time is of course false; but, in his own way, he did the work of Protestantism:—

What the Reformers of the sixteenth century attempted to do by their theory of Justification by Faith Wiclif attempted to do by his theory of Dominion, a theory which in establishing a direct relation between man and God swept away the whole basis of a mediating priesthood, the very foundation on which the medieval church was built.

More than this, Wycliffe, in his translation of the Scriptures, forged, to use Mr. Green's metaphor, "the great weapon which, wielded by other hands than his own, was to produce so terrible an effect on the triumphant hierarchy." "Out of the floating mass of opinion which bore the name of Lollardry one faith gradually evolved itself, a faith in the sole authority of the Bible as a source of religious truth." When this stage had been reached, the country was ripe for the great rebellion against Rome.

An interesting passage is that relating to the Jews, whom Mr. Green represents in a light that will probably be new to most of his readers. *Ivanhoe* and other romances have so accustomed us to the idea of the Jew as a cowed and maltreated being, that it is startling to be told that in England, at least down to the close of the Barons' War, "the attitude of the Jew, almost to the very end, was an attitude of proud and even insolent defiance." Front-de-Bœuf might no doubt have grilled Isaac of York over a slow fire, as he might have killed the King's deer or robbed the King's receivers—that is to say, he might have done it if he chose to take the risk. The Jew was the King's chattel, but a chattel so valuable that the King let no one but himself ill-use him:—

If the Jewish merchant had no standing-ground in the local court the king enabled him to sue before a special justiciar; his bonds were deposited for safety in a chamber of the royal palace at Westminster; he was protected against the popular hatred in the free exercise of his religion and allowed to build synagogues and to manage his own ecclesiastical affairs by means of a chief rabbi. The royal protection was dictated by no spirit of tolerance or mercy. To the kings the Jew was a mere engine of finance. The wealth which he accumulated was wrung from him whenever the crown had need, and torture and imprisonment were resorted to when milder means failed.

But if the Jew had to crouch before the King, he could brave the hatred of the King's subjects. As examples of the audacity bred by the consciousness of royal protection, Mr. Green cites a few incidents in the history of Oxford. "Here, as elsewhere, the Jewry was a town within a town, with its own language, its own religion and law, its peculiar commerce, its peculiar dress. No city bailiff could penetrate into the square of little alleys which lay behind the present Town Hall; the Church itself was powerless to prevent a synagogue from rising in haughty rivalry over against the cloister of St. Frideswide." One of the hated race mocked at the Saint and her votaries, as unsparingly as Elijah mocked at Baal and his priests. "Halting and then walking firmly on his feet, showing his hands clenched as if with palsy, and then flinging open his fingers, the Jew claimed gifts and oblations from the crowd that flocked to St. Frideswide's shrine on the ground that such recoveries of life and limb were quite as real as any that Frideswide ever wrought. Sickness and death in the Prior's story avenged the Saint on her blasphemer, but no earthly power, ecclesiastical or civil, seems to have ventured to deal with him." A yet more daring fanatic, on the Ascension Day of 1268, wrenched a crucifix from the hands of its bearer and trod it under foot. We should expect to hear that the misbeliever was at once torn in pieces by the Christian bystanders. Mr. Green tells us that all the penalty which fell upon the offender and his brethren was that the King condemned them to set up a cross of marble as atonement for the outrage. Perhaps some advocate of Israel may reply that we have these stories only from the Christian side; and the massacre of the York Jews at the outset of Richard Cœur de Lion's reign may be cited to show what Christian ferocity could do when once it broke loose. Still Mr. Green's view of the subject is worthy of attention, and may be commended to the consideration of those who seem to think that whenever Christian and non-Christian come into collision, all the blame must needs rest with the Christian.

The subject of Jews and heretics naturally suggests Turks and infidels, and therefore we may take this opportunity of commenting on the illustration Mr. Green gives of John's relations to the Pope:—"The thunders of the Papacy were to be ever at hand for his protection, as the armies of England are at hand to protect the vileness and oppression of a Turkish Sultan or a Nizam of Hyderabad." "The armies of England," in the plural, is rather a "tall" phrase to apply to any force we are likely to offer to our allies; but let that pass. Though the present Sultan is, we are constantly assured, most intelligent and anxious to improve, still we can hardly hope that he will read Mr. Green's book. But if this sentence should meet his eye, surely he must, like the hero of a novel, "smile a bitter smile" as he glances over it. Unless, indeed, Mr. Green has the gift of prophecy; or can it be that he is in the secrets of Lord Beaconsfield, and does he speak, not of

what is, but what will be? On this alarming hint we pause for the present. There is much more in Mr. Green's book which deserves comment, and we hope to return to the subject on another occasion.

KLUNZINGER'S UPPER EGYPT.*

THE present state of Egypt, socially, financially, and politically, has been of late so fully discussed from all possible points of view, that the subject must be becoming rather wearisome to those who have not invested money in Egyptian bonds. There is little to say which has not already been said in praise or in blame of the Khedive and his officials. It will, therefore, perhaps be as well to notice only that part of Dr. Klunzinger's work which deals with the agriculture of the Nile, and, with his help, to give a short sketch of a year's farming in a climate and soil differing so widely from our own. The subject may have the interest of novelty to those who have never sat on the deck of a dahabeah, lazily watching the ceaseless toil of the native agricultural labourer, and listening to the low, plaintive cadence of his song.

The Egyptian year begins on the 11th of September, when the Nile is generally at or near its highest level. The thick, turbid water flows over thousands of acres and gives back in purple shadows the scintillating blue of the cloudless skies. Scattered amidst this sea of liquid mud rise hillocks, most of them artificial, covered with one-story mud huts, which look ready to melt away into the flood below. On the roofs sit rows of naked children, surrounded by pigeons, barn-door fowl, and perhaps a few young kids, all basking in the vivid sunshine. The only subject of conversation amongst the men in the village is the height to which the river has risen or is likely to rise. A few feet more or less to those poor people makes the difference between abject misery and comparative plenty, for their wants are few and easily supplied. Next year, it is feared, there will be great distress, the Nile having been this year unusually low. If the overflow is too scanty, the desert comes creeping up and remorselessly swallows the fields where luxuriant crops are wont to wave. If the river rises too high, great damage is done not only to the wretched villages which it carries away, but to the dykes which are made at considerable expenditure of time and labour, and which serve both as pathways and defences from a flood. The palm-trees, which, like the Irishman's pig, are often counted upon to pay the rent, are frequently swept away, and in some cases the cattle also. It is a deluge without rain. The field mice must leave their haunts, and, accompanied by the bright lizards, take refuge on any high ground that offers. Enormous numbers of frogs and toads are drowned or eaten by the flocks of water and marsh birds which come from the Mediterranean and the lakes of Lower Egypt as soon as the inundation has become general. The fellah is relieved from the hard toil of the shadoof, and can lie for a considerable part of the day at the door of his hut smoking, chatting, or fondling his little children. Dr. Klunzinger gives such a good account of this primitive method of raising water that we must quote it as it stands. It is the best we have ever met with, and is an example of the painstaking accuracy which characterizes the whole of his book:—

In the soft and steep banks of the river, or of a canal, a number of trenches, with terraces behind them, are dug above each other, the number depending on the height of the bank; at the top a reservoir is constructed, the bottom of which is often strengthened by layers of reeds or palm stems. The principle of raising the water is similar to that of a draw-well, perhaps still more practical. On the upper ends of two pillars, formed of rough palm stems, or more commonly of clay, a cross-beam is firmly attached; and, under the middle of this, a long beam is balanced by means of a cord and bar joint (so that it may move freely up and down). Behind, that is, at the shorter end, the end further from the river, this beam terminates in a colossal ball of clay; from the other end hangs a palm twig, to the lower extremity of which a bucket, usually of leather, is fastened. It is the duty of the labourers standing on the terraces to fill the bucket in the lowest basin and to empty the contents into the next above it. The bucket is raised by the weight of the clay ball on the arm of the lever, and the workman has only to guide it. Thus even in ancient times did men discover how to save labour by mechanical means. Having reached the highest basin, the water flows by a small channel on to the border channels of the fields that are to be watered. When the river rises, one terrace after another is swept away; and, when it sinks again, as many new ones are constructed every year. The motive power in these water-raising apparatus is a class of men called "fathers of the shadoof," who, in classical brown nakedness, enliven at intervals the banks of the Nile, and every now and then utter shrill and plaintive cries, while the beams groan and the buckets splash.

There is a pleasant freshness in the air from the large body of cool water coming down from the Abyssinian mountains. The voyage up the river is shortened by the continuous spells of north wind. "Desert towns become river ports, and the products of the country can be loaded and unloaded outside and inside of their gates." There is abundance of fruit—melons, oranges, pomegranates, dates, and lemons. The provincial officers are kept busy examining the state of the dams and sluices, and forcing the inhabitants to mend them when necessary. Irrigation is never wholly abandoned, even when the inundation is most abundant, for there are always border fields with standing crops protected from the overflow which must be kept watered. The river, too, is never allowed to take possession of a well-kept garden with fruit-trees.

As the Nile recedes the peasant's short half-holiday comes to an

* *Upper Egypt; its People and its Products.* By C. B. Klunzinger, M.D. Blackie & Son. 1878.

end, and he begins to plough or scratch the fertile deposit left on the fields. His spade is the adze of his forefathers, and his harrow a palm trunk cut from the nearest grove. The water which has saturated the land is so strongly impregnated with ammonia and organic matter that no further manuring is necessary, and no deep steam ploughing is required, as the air reaches the soil through the cracks made by the burning sun. The large number of canals which have been cut lately mitigate the loss caused by a bad Nile, but only to a certain degree. If, however, they could be cut high up the country and above their present level, the necessity for artificial irrigation would be enormously lessened. In October begins the sowing of the numberless trefoils, which produce fodder in abundance both for man and beast, as the shoots of some of the species are eagerly eaten by the natives. Flax, wheat, and barley are also planted, most of them being slightly sheltered from the keen north wind by tufts of dry grass stuck in the ground. As the days shorten, the nights become very cold, particularly towards sunrise; and about the end of November the European often finds himself wishing for a fire as he heaps coverings on his bed in the clear rose-coloured dawn. It is impossible for him not to rise and look at it if awake, for no two sunrises are ever alike; and, although the sunsets in Egypt, except before and after bad weather, are not nearly so fine as those that may be seen most evenings from Hampstead Heath, the dawns are quite unlike anything in this country. The solid blackness of the shadows is often very remarkable. The effect is more nearly given by a pink-tinted photograph than by any painting we have ever seen.

During this autumn weather the durra, a sort of maize which stood during the inundation, is gathered in. The women may be seen at the doors of their houses, sometimes alone, sometimes in groups, "grinding at the mill," singing monotonous ditties, or retailing to each other the gossip which is even more plentiful in an Arab village than in an English one. Now, most of the winter crops of lentils, chick peas, wheat, barley, beans, peas, lupines, safflower, lettuce, flax, poppy, durra, are sown, and soon the bands of emerald green so remarkable in an Egyptian landscape begin to fringe the river, growing broader as the water recedes, leaving each week a few more inches of arable land to the industrious cultivator. In December some of the clover is ready for its first cutting, much to the satisfaction of the animals, who have had little but dry forage for months. The poor beasts have not much enjoyment in their lives, for they are half starved and worked to death. The state of the donkeys and camels in the small villages is sometimes pitiable. It is impossible to ride them with the least pleasure, as they are almost sure either to have broken knees or galled backs. Still, with a heap of fragrant clover before them and a deep bed of sand in which to roll, they, like their masters, forget their real troubles in a momentary bliss. The children, too, are enjoying themselves and sit sucking the fresh sticks of sugar-cane which are now being cut down. Indeed the idle moments of all the inhabitants seem devoted to tearing the cane in pieces with their strong white teeth and crunching the crisp juicy stalks. The quantity which the sailors of a smart dahabeah consume during the voyage up and down the Nile is scarcely credible. The atmosphere is now sometimes unpleasant when there is not a brisk wind, for evaporation is going on rapidly, and mists may be seen in the morning all along the river banks, but only rising a few feet as a rule. The dews are sometimes excessive, but seem not to occur at all above the First Cataract, the vegetation in Nubia being scanty, and the soil a pure golden sand instead of the mud of Upper Egypt. By the end of January the Nile water becomes much clearer, the greatest cold is over, and a delicious fresh warmth gives new life to the invalids who have suffered somewhat from the great difference of temperature between midday and midnight. In the following month the birds begin to pair, the lambs dot the fields, and in the ground watered by the canals and not submerged by the inundations some flowers may be found. It is interesting to watch the great flocks of waterfowl as they go to and from their feeding-grounds, sometimes in long strings, sometimes in clouds which almost darken the air. Then with a good opera-glass one can examine the habits of the various tribes of waders which fringe the shallow reaches of the river where there is no traffic, or study that most repulsive of all birds, a vulture, as he squats gorged on the burning sand. The swallows skim about overhead in the clear air, their plumage shining with an iridescence never seen in our grey atmosphere. The sandmartins dart out in clouds as they are disturbed by a passing boat or raft laden with earthenware jars.

After Easter come the south winds, so much dreaded by the natives, to which they attribute most of their illnesses. The *samoom* is certainly most oppressive to Europeans, for the same height of thermometer which with a northerly breeze only means comfortable warmth, with a southerly wind means exhausting and oppressive heat. The harvest is begun, and owing to the graceful Oriental dresses is to a certain degree a picturesque sight, but not for a moment to be compared to an English field with its hedgerows and trees, its wild roses and bramble-berries. There is no harvest home, no thanksgiving when all is safely gathered in, only the visit of the tax-collector, whose rapacity is not satisfied until he is sure he has not left the fellah anything beyond a bare subsistence in return for his year of hard work. All through the summer irrigation must be carried on, but in Upper Egypt a large acreage is allowed to lie fallow; hence the finer crops of wheat. Only a portion near the river bank is cultivated for the melons and cucumbers which form the staple diet of the Arabs during the hot

season. Perhaps June is the most unhealthy month, as it is that in which the river is at its lowest, and when the smells, always bad, are at their worst. But soon the tropical rains in Central Africa begin to swell the stream thousands of miles below; the rapid flow carries away the miasma that had begun to affect the usually healthy population, and the ever-recurring question again arises, whether there will be a "good Nile."

WORDSWORTH'S SCHOLAE ACADEMICAE.*

THE general object of Mr. Wordsworth's book is sufficiently apparent from its title. He has collected a great quantity of minute and curious information about the working of Cambridge institutions in the last century, with an occasional comparison of the corresponding state of things at Oxford. It is of course impossible that a book of this kind should be altogether entertaining as literature. To a great extent it is purely a book of reference; and as such it will be of permanent value for the historical knowledge of English education and learning. In some respects the writer's task was an ungrateful one, for the period he had to deal with may be justly called the dark age of our Universities; and a loyal desire to point out bright spots wherever they can be found has now and then led him to catch with amusing eagerness at very small indications that the official stagnation of Cambridge was not absolute, even at the worst of times. It does come out very clearly, however, that the work privately done by the best men was always much in advance of the routine of the schools; so that, even when exercises had degenerated into silly formalities, and examinations were in their infancy, Cambridge was nevertheless the seat of an extra-official culture by no means to be despised. Indeed something of this kind was to be seen within living memory. So long as the only road to University honours was through mathematics, there was a class of non-mathematical men who deliberately preferred to stand aloof from them, and cultivated scholarship, philosophy, or politics in their own way; and some of the names which were thus unknown in the Senate House have since taken a conspicuous place in the world of letters. Even with the present multiplication of Triposes, it remains in great measure true that individual enterprise is ahead of official institutions. In the department of mathematics itself, where the competition among both pupils and teachers is keenest, it takes a certain time for improved methods of instruction and research to make their way. The doctrine of the Conservation of Energy was still but very dimly understood at Cambridge—at all events, there was no trace of it in the current text-books—when Sir William Thomson delivered the Rede lecture some ten years ago. Earlier in the century, it was only after a long struggle that the differential calculus in its modern form displaced the Newtonian fluxions. The history of the strife between the dot-ards and de-ists, as they were called, is partly preserved in the late Mr. Babbage's autobiography.

The origin of the name *Tripos* for the honour examinations of Cambridge has been a puzzle to many. Mr. Wordsworth has now removed all doubts by the clear and complete account of the matter given in the few pages which form his second chapter. The *Tripos* was first of all a three-legged stool, on which there sat, at the admission of bachelors of arts, an "old bachelor" who disputed with the candidates on behalf of the University. The name passed from the stool to him who sat on it, and the arguments ceased to be serious and became a sort of licensed buffoonery. The "*Tripos-speeches*" were in course of time commuted for printed Latin verses; and the sheets bearing these came, in their turn, to be called *triposes*. Towards the middle of the last century the honour-lists were printed on the back of the *tripos-verses*. Hence the lists were known as *tripos-lists*; and, finally, the name has passed over to the examination by which the list is produced:—

Thus step by step we have traced the word *TRIPPOS* passing in signification Proteus-like from a thing of wood (*olim truncus*) to a man, from a man to a speech, from a speech to two sets of verses, from verses to a sheet of coarse foolscap paper, from a paper to a list of names, and from a list of names to a system of examination.

Mr. Wordsworth does not fully trace the modern history of the verses, though he mentions that they still survive. We may add that they are not now expected to have any particular relation to the occasion for which they are composed, the subject being very much left to the writer's fancy. Even the language is not invariable; in late years some sets of *tripos-verses* have been in Greek.

The "*Acts*" or scholastic disputations which were an essential part of the old University course, and indeed contained valuable elements which are too much neglected in modern systems of education, were gradually starved out by the increasing importance of the *Tripos*. They made shift to exist in a ludicrously attenuated condition till near the middle of this century, and in their latter days were reduced to the repetition of a prescribed number of objections and replies, always conventional and mostly traditional, which were settled beforehand by the respondent and the opponent over wine or tea. We may observe in passing that a good deal of mediæval literature cannot be understood without knowing, in a general way at least, the nature and conduct of an Act. Mr. Wordsworth gives, on the authority of the late Mr. Shilleto—since

* *Scholæ Academicæ; some Account of the Studies at the English Universities in the Eighteenth Century.* By Christopher Wordsworth, M.A. Cambridge: at the University Press. 1877.

whose death there is probably but one man left in Europe who can jest in Greek—a sufficiently droll instance of a modern disputation:—

The question to be disputed was a trite and favourite subject, *Recte statuit Paleus de Suicidiis*. This last word is no doubt a barbarism, though to most English ears unequivocal, and sanctioned by time-honoured use in the Philosophical Schools. The opponent aforesaid being called upon for an argument began thus: "*Non recte judicat Dominus Respondens de suicidio, ut ego quidem censo, ergo cadit questio: si sues enim omnino non caedemus, unde quæso pernam, hillas, sumen, unde inquam petasorem sumus habituri? Est profecto judicium et, ut ita dicam—"Erras, Domine Opponens!" interrupts the Moderator, "non enim de subus caesis loquitur Respondens, sed de aliquo qui ultro sibi necem conseriverit."* (All this while the Respondent, good mathematician and Johnian though he was, being unacquainted with the terms of Latin pork-butcherly, was puzzling his brain to think how he could "take off" an argument which he could not well understand.) "*Quid est ergo suicidium?*" (continues the Opponent) "*ut latine nos loquamur, nisi suum caesio?"*

This was at some unspecified time not much (if at all) before 1830. As late as 1772 the Acts were serious enough to be considered of real value, though the Latin in which the arguments were expressed was barbarous. "Many persons of good judgment," we are told, proposed that the proceedings should be in English—a measure which, if adopted in time, might not improbably have saved the institution. Why Latin has so utterly ceased to be a spoken language at our Universities is a question of no small interest, and is irresistibly suggested when we contemplate the decay and extinction of Acts; but it is beyond the scope of such a work as Mr. Wordsworth's, and consequently of our comment. Our modern insular pronunciation of Latin and Greek no doubt has something to do with it, and on the history of this we have some incidental light in other parts of the book. In the last century the pronunciation of Latin was even more slovenly and Anglicized than it is now. A very indifferent joke out of season, which cost the joker his degree, turns on *acs* being pronounced as *case*. The final *s* in this and like words is now pronounced sharp, but we still call *nubes* *new bees*. Our ancestors were more consistent in their barbarism. As to Greek, Mr. Wordsworth brings out a curious, and we should think little known, fact, that as late as 1741 it was pronounced entirely by accent. "No distinction was made between *πίπτις* and *πίβεμαι*, *δίδωμι* and *δίδωμαι*, or *ἀνέστηκα* and *ἀνέθεκα*." We may presume, however, that long before that time the vowel-sounds had been Anglicized. A controversial tract of John Caius, in 1574, gives a hint on the pronunciation of English at that time:—"In his treatise against the etists" (the innovators headed by Erasmus and Ocheke), says Mr. Wordsworth, he "charges them with pronouncing the Latin *i* like the English . . . and as the Scotch or Northerners, saying *sibai*, *taibai*, *vaita*, *aita*, for 'sibi, tibi, vita, ita.'" This is all but conclusive proof that the long *i* in English had then no other than its present sound.

Mr. Wordsworth sets out in an appendix a series of letters which give some curious pictures of University manners. The following incident was reported by an undergraduate of Jesus in 1707:—

Here is a sad accident has happened to 2 Lads, one of Sidney colledge and another of ours, who going to y^e Tavern got most sadly drunk, and about 11 of y^e Clock at night meeting a man (the poor man was going to the Chandlers for a little Tobacco, and coming out again) one of y^e stuck him into y^e breast, and not being able to make his Knife enter there far enough because of a bone that hindered; he run behind him and stuck him into y^e Back between one of y^e small Ribs, upon w^{ch} he run away to colledge, but y^e other lad, being so drunk y^e he could not run, was taken and carried to y^e Tolebooth; y^e poor wounded man bled (its thought) one ½ part of y^e Blood in his body and was given over by y^e surgeon, but y^e Blood stooping he's thought to recover, w^{ch} I pray God he may; for if he does not, y^e Lads will go nigh to be hanged; if he does recover, it will cost y^m £30 a piece, if not more, to make him amends to pay y^e surgeon. . . .

The lad y^e did it, is said to be of Sidney colledge not of ours. He of our Colledge is not under Mr Townsend. I believe they will both [be] either expelled or Rusted, though one did not stab him. All this happened on Friday night last.

Since I wrote this letter I hear that they were both expelled privately yesterday in y^e Afternoon by y^e Caput.

We cannot suppose, however, that it was at any time usual for "lads" in their cups to go about stabbing peaceable townsmen. Another letter relates how the writer was much vexed with sore eyes, and, after having been bled, purged, and blistered, and "used all the remedies imaginable for this last Q^r of a year" with very little effect, proceeds thus:—

To draw y^e Rheum & humours from my Eyes I am advised to smooke very much which I dare not let my Father know, he's so averse to it y^e I believe he had as live see me dead or at least blind (and to be so, is death to a Student) as with a pipe in my mouth: I have smoked, so y^e I can receive no prejudice any other way, than by his anger, but I'll take care so conceal it from him, if possible, whenever I take a pipe.

The Faculty of Medicine must have been still in a pretty barbarous condition. The English of these letters is not in any way remarkable, but is varied from time to time by snatches of indifferent Latin and very wild Greek. To come back for a moment to a theme we have already touched, epistolary Latin was more or less kept up by our scholars till near the end of the last century, and there are probably scattered instances much later. The present Public Orator, we believe, is laudably diligent in giving classical finish and elegance to the panegyrics on the receivers of honorary degrees which are the principal remaining vestige of the colloquial use of the language. But no individual efforts of this kind can be expected to bear much fruit so long as the vast majority of English school-boys are taught to read Latin in a way that no Continental scholar can understand. It may be too late to revive the use of

Latin as a general means of communication among men of letters; many things, among others the modern pride of nationality, conspire against it. Be that as it may, we are of opinion that the loss is a real one, and much to be regretted.

SIR TITUS SALT.*

WE have been not a little disappointed by this book. There ought to be no want of interest in the life of a man who in his boyhood was fed on oatcake and milk because his father could not afford anything better, and who before he died had not only established a vast and new trade, but also had founded for the thousands of workmen whom he employed a new town with its rows of comfortable houses, its churches, its institutes, its library, its schools, its baths, its club-houses, and its park. Other men have built up great trades and made great fortunes. Other men have been bountiful in distributing their money when they had once made it. But few men have felt so strongly as Sir Titus Salt that it was not only when the money had been made, but much more while it was being made, that the welfare of those who helped him to make it should be considered. On him was impressed deeply the saying of one of his first masters, "Those who have helped us to get money shall help us to enjoy it." The life of such a man ought, as we have said, to be full of interest. Uneventful though it was, smooth and even though on the whole was the current of his fortune, yet in the account of the strong character that was slowly formed, and of the great difficulties that were slowly overcome, there was a fair field for the biographer. Unfortunately in the book before us an attempt has been made to combine two things which are, no doubt, both good in their way. The author has wished to write a Life and to preach a sermon at one and the same time. The publishers, he tells us, thought that "a short memoir of Sir Titus Salt should be prepared which might be useful to place in the hands of young men." The most useless books for young men are, we should imagine, those which are expressly written for their use. Young men no more like to be preached to as young men than old men like to be preached to as old men. We do not expect that the author, the Rev. R. Bargnie, will agree with us in this. To an Independent minister, preaching becomes so much a part of his nature that he can scarcely open his mouth or take up his pen without giving a fragment of a sermon. One day Mr. Bargnie was breakfasting at Salthaire, when a telegram in cipher was handed in. It was passed round the table, but no one but the partners could read it. There was nothing very remarkable in all this; but the reverend author saw, with the quick glance of a Dissenting minister, that here was a chance for worrying young men with a moral:—

Thus, between Salthaire and Constantinople, business was being transacted at this moment, and, for aught we know, wealth thereby acquired. May not young men learn from this incident, how unostentatiously business may be carried on? It is not by bustle or "great swelling words" but "in quietness and confidence shall be their strength." And may not the same remark be applicable to spiritual as well as to temporal things? They who maintain secret traffic with Heaven grow rich in treasures that shall remain their possession for ever.

The business, we may observe, would have been still more unostentatiously carried on had the telegram not been passed round the table, but in that case we should never have had Mr. Bargnie's moral. It is only fair to him to state that, just as he preaches to young men, so also he preached to Sir Titus himself. "The present state of Mr. Salt's health," he writes on one occasion, "seemed to the writer a suitable occasion for pressing upon his attention those momentous matters relating to his personal salvation and a future state of existence." He gives his readers some account of his sermon. "The preacher first described the weary efforts of a caterpillar to reach the top of a painted pole in quest of foliage, but there was nothing for it there but the bare piece of wood, and it groped all round in vacant space as if disappointed." We are glad to feel that the preacher did not really mean very much by this very unpleasant image; for only three pages earlier, in describing Mr. Salt's new house, he says:—"It is needless to say that the new abode was furnished with all the elegance and luxurious taste that wealth could command." In church a beloved brother is a caterpillar climbing up a painted pole; but when once the sermon is done and the church door closed behind us, it is only proper to take care that the world does not remain in ignorance that he had wealth enough to command luxurious taste, whatever that may mean.

It is indeed unfortunate in more ways than one that it was a minister of the congregation to which Sir Titus Salt belonged who was chosen to write his life. His hero is great to him no doubt as a man, but he is far greater to him as an Independent. He thus enters into details which can scarcely be interesting to young Independents, and to the general reader are most tedious and dull. Thus he records that an old Sunday scholar who attended Mr. Salt's class fifty years ago says, "The class consisted of ten scholars, and he taught us 'The Assembly's Shorter Catechism.'" This is all that this elderly gentleman has to say, and we scarcely think that it was worth saying, much less recording. Mr. Bargnie thinks he is in duty bound to bring

* Sir Titus Salt, Baronet: his Life and its Lessons. By Rev. R. Bargnie, Minister of the South Cliff Church, Scarborough. With Portrait and Photographic Illustrations. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1877.

into his book as many Independent ministers as had anything in any way to do with the man whose life he is writing. Thus old Mr. Salt took much interest in the erection of a chapel more than forty years ago. "The chapel was opened," we are told, "in 1836 by the Rev. Dr. Winter Hamilton, Rev. T. Lessey, and Rev. Dr. Raffles, and in it the Rev. J. G. Miall has successfully ministered for forty years." Though old Mr. Salt "was a regular worshipper, he never became a communicant." Mr. Balgarnie takes advantage of this neglect of religious duty to make an address "to all young men." It is not only in matters concerning his congregation that he goes into the pettiest details. He has no sense of proportion, no knowledge of what facts are worth recording and what are not even worth remembering. Three times does he record the weight of the food supplied at three different banquets given by his hero. In the first of these, after going through the whole bill of fare, he writes, "Such was the provision Mr. Salt made for his guests with almost Oriental profusion, and we give the above detailed account as illustrating one of those deeds that reveal the man." What kind of a revelation is made by "two tons weight of meat, a half ton of potatoes, and 320 plum-puddings," is not very clear. We should have thought that when we had once been told that a man had invited 3,500 guests to dinner, imagination might be trusted to supply the rest. Not so, thinks Mr. Balgarnie, for he even tells us that for these 3,500 guests there were 7,000 knives and forks, and 4,000 tumblers. When he comes to the second banquet, "How can pen describe it!" he writes, painfully aware, no doubt, that he has already exhausted his utmost powers of description. He does his best, however, by giving a second bill of fare which ends, "Cream, 42 gallons; and a great quantity of celery." We do not observe, by the way, any mention of cheese to eat with this great quantity of celery.

Sir Titus Salt surely deserved better of mankind than to have such matters as these recorded of him. He is one more instance, where instances abound, of the great services that our country receives from men whose chief training is due to themselves alone. He had, indeed, been under a good schoolmaster, though one only competent to give what is called "a plain commercial education." Those of his pupils "who wished to study the classics were permitted to attend the grammar school" of the town. When young Salt left school he was certainly far too ignorant to have come up to the standard which is demanded of those who now wish to enter any of the higher branches of the Civil Service. From the Secretary's Department in the Post Office, for instance, with all his powers of organization, he would most certainly have been barred. He had little knowledge of literature and little love of it. "His library," as his biographer records with pride, "was large and well selected; but his knowledge of books was limited, and the range of his reading confined to religious publications and the daily press." In his old age some one asked him what books he had been reading lately. "'Alpaca,' was the quiet reply; then after a short pause he added, 'If you had four or five thousand people to provide for every day you would not have much time left for reading.' If, however, he had but little learning himself, he had none of that ignorant contempt of it which is sometimes to be found in men who without it have made their way in life and founded a great business. When the Board Schools were opened for the district in which Saltaire stands, he at once converted the elementary schools which he had founded into higher grade schools. He established scholarships for these schools, and 'bequeathed for educational purposes not less than 40,000l.'" He would not allow the teachers "to inculcate or controvert the doctrines of any sectarian religious creed," but left "the duty of providing distinctively theological instruction to the parents or guardians." In all the provisions that he made for his workpeople he showed not only a large heart but a large mind. He was not the man to use the wealth that he had got together to sap in others that feeling of self-reliance by which he had himself become so wealthy. Like most other men who achieve great wealth, he had been bred in a family, to use Johnson's words, "whose study was to make fourpence do as much as others made fourpence halfpenny do." He had thus learnt to be saving in small matters, and this habit of economy clung to him. "In the plenitude of his wealth and the munificence of his gifts," to use Mr. Balgarnie's somewhat pompous language, "he was always careful, not only of his money, but of such trifling things as blank leaves of letters, which were not thrown into the waste-paper basket, but laid aside for use." To see waste was as painful to him as it was pleasant to him to be generous. Garrick, too, who grumbled at Peg Woffington for making his tea too strong, yet "gave away more money than any man in England." When he began to make money he thought of buying himself a gold watch, but he resolved that he would not buy it till he had saved a thousand pounds. "How proud he was of that watch in his after life! It was worn by him till the close of his life, and when his own hand became too feeble to wind it, he handed it to others to be wound in his presence." He was always, while his powers lasted, among his workpeople. His rule was to be at his works before the engine was started. He thus knew who served him well and who served him ill. Merit was steadily rewarded, and not a few "who entered his employment in the humblest capacity have been raised to the highest positions in it." He began business with the rule to let the quality of his goods speak for itself. When once he had fixed his price he stood by it, and would not bate a farthing. He was a fearless man, not afraid to go into the midst of a mob who had come to attack a mill and to wreck the machinery, in the vain hope of

making them listen to reason; when they would not hear him but went on in their violence, "he hurried up and down trying to induce his fellow-townsmen to come forward as special constables." The military had to be called out and several persons were killed or wounded. Though he was always full of thought for the interests of his workmen, he never forgot that he was their master. He was once troubled with a strike. "A deputation of the workpeople waited upon him to discuss the point in dispute. He calmly yet firmly answered them thus:—'You are not in my service now. You have, of your own accord, left me; return to your work and then I shall consider your proposal.' They at once returned to work, and the point in dispute was very soon afterwards satisfactorily settled."

By the time he was fifty he had made a large fortune, and for a while thought of following in the steps of other wealthy manufacturers by retiring from business and setting up as a country gentleman. He changed his mind, however; and, instead of retiring, built Saltaire. His new town was founded on the river Aire, and by joining his own name to that of the river he made for it its strangely-compounded name. His works hitherto had been in Bradford. That town, he thought, was already overcrowded; and he saw that "its smoky atmosphere, its sanitary defects, its polluted streams and canal" were a great hindrance to the moral and physical improvement of the people. He looked out for a fresh site for his works in the open country, and found it in one of those picturesque valleys which are so common in Yorkshire. The town that he built contained 805 dwellings in all, and "his architects were instructed that nothing should be spared to render these dwellings a pattern to the country." The Lord-Lieutenant of the county asked him how it was "that he did not invest his capital in landed property and enjoy the remainder of his life free from the strain of business." He replied that, in the first place, he wished to provide occupation for his sons. "Moreover," he added, "as a landed proprietor, I felt I should be out of my element. You are a nobleman, with all the influence that rank and large estates can bring, consequently you have power and influence in the country, but outside of business I am nothing—in it I have considerable influence. By the opening of Saltaire, I also hope to do good to my fellow-men." His hope, so modestly expressed, was amply fulfilled. It was not only that during the remaining three-and-twenty years of his life he secured for many thousands of his fellow-men healthy and decent homes. This indeed was a noble achievement. But his work did not end with himself. For he taught our great capitalists the lesson that property has its duties as well as its rights, and he taught it on a scale so vast that his teaching could not but command attention.

CASTLE BLAIR.*

IN one of Bret Harte's stories the narrator rides to a mining camp in the California sierras to visit a friend, and, finding that he has gone "prospecting," is at a loss how to wile away the hours. Some passing miners advise him to "play with the baby." The particular baby in this case happens to be a young bear, which turns out to be as delightful as all young things are. In the civilization of our time one of the commonest wants is that of something to beguile the time of one set of men or wile away the thoughts of another set from cares of business or politics, or whatever the ordinary work may be. To this numerous class, including both the wearied and the bored, we would act the part of Bret Harte's miners, and say—Play with the baby. Not the baby in arms, be it well understood; his feats are distinctly monotonous to all but women, and to a good many even of them. We mean the young animal man when it has arrived at the age which in its life matches the time when the puppy gambols foolishly or the kitten plays with its tail. Who can tell how much we miss by not knowing how to "play with the baby"? We are always thinking that children are noisy and rough, that they make impertinent remarks, and leave doors open or bang them. Just so; but this is exactly why so much pleasure is to be got out of them if we will but try to rise to a comprehension of their nature and feelings. It is not their fault if they are disagreeable to us, but our own fault, and misfortune too, if we are dull to all the beauty and liveliness of their charming tricks and follies. Some unhappy beings never know real childhood. They are mentally swaddled from the first, so that their minds are incapable of a single vigorous kick against conventionalities. But children allowed to be natural and develop as nature intended them to do are perfectly charming, both in mind and body, and quite as fit to be teachers as learners. They are flowers without decay, actors without self-consciousness, human beings without prejudices. They are poets without morbidity or sentimentality, philosophers without pedantry, and monkeys without nastiness. Only, to enjoy their society, three qualifications are necessary—humility, justice, and truthfulness. If we go to them as schoolmasters, their minds close at our approach like sensitive flowers; if we are unjust to them, their indignation is deep, though not always expressed; if they catch us deceiving them, they will never trust us again. The man who neglects this source of delight is not half provided against care and *ennui*; but he who duly values it has the sum of his daily happiness largely increased and the term of his enjoyable life indefinitely extended. Any book which

* *Castle Blair*. By Flora L. Shaw. London: Kegan Paul & Co.

helps us to such enjoyment is a boon to mankind, and no one is more than half educated till he has laughed with Alice in Wonderland and wept over the sorrows of the "Misunderstood."

In Miss Flora Shaw's *Castle Blair* we have another treasure. For once more we are brought face to face with living healthy children, full of gaiety and roguishness, yet with the pathos which underlies not only the real child life, but all true humour. The author has evidently a fine sense for the beauty and fun of childhood, and escapes from the common notion that all children must either be religious and die young, or, living, be destined by Providence for competitive examination. Like the English country gentleman and all lady authors, she must kill something; but we are grateful to find that the victim is not one of our favourites, and the necessary sacrifice to the spirit of feminine authorship is carried out decorously at a distance. We only hear of it and think of it as it affects the minds of the children. All her characters, young and old, are natural and agreeable, except two abominably commonplace people who walk into the book about the beginning of the second volume, and, like snakes in the Garden of Eden, create nothing but discomfort, till they happily walk out again about eighty pages further on. If *Castle Blair* comes to a second edition, could not Miss Shaw be persuaded to relieve her readers of the presence of those two harpies who come from nowhere to spoil the feast on the mountain, when the children, with their "followers," have so nearly betrayed Nessa into a vow to hate the agents, and help to deliver Ireland from them? Or, at least, let Frank and the dog appear there alone, and the harpies be found afterwards at the Castle. Perhaps, too, the fidelity to the talk of childhood might be slightly modified. The author's realism in this respect will be delightful to her youthful readers, but may turn out to be *caviare* to some of the elders; and the book is all too good to be left on the shelves of the schoolroom. She has so rare a sympathy for the characters she depicts that her readers will be carried away into their own life of former days, and made to feel themselves children again. For the book has exactly that gift of imagination which Mr. Goethe praised the other day. The children are real, and their actions not at all improbable; but, for all that, they live in a world of imagination, and are on that account truer to child life. They are creations rather than photographs; and, while we are introduced to one surprise after another, we feel instantly that, being what they are, they could not have acted otherwise. Murtagh, imaginative, impulsive, heroic, with a keen sense for sound and colour, a born leader of his kind, must inevitably come very near to tragedy at some moment of his history. Winnie, bright, beautiful, daring, clever, and thoughtless, yet warm-hearted—who, in the very first chapter, being detected by a policeman during her raid on the orchard, coaxes him into holding his lantern to light her and watching for the approach of the gardener, instead of betraying her, and who next morning faces the chill of early dawn and the dreariness of a lone mountain-side, to decide the question whether fairies exist, and whether they eat or not—must some day be too bold. Bobbo, the regular schoolboy, with his comical ejaculations and faithfulness to his leader; the sensible, commonplace, eldest girl, Rosie; and the exquisite little jewel, Ellie, who tries so hard not to be a clog on the rest, in spite of her sensitive nature and three-year-old terrors, cannot help being led into trouble by Murtagh and Winnie. To them we find added the weak, good-natured uncle; the sweet, but inexperienced Adrienne, who blunders quite as much as the children; the faithful servant Donnie, whose faith is expressed in the remark:—"Stuff o' nonsense, confin' them an' regulatin' em. You may always let the good blood have its way; it's only the half-an'-half folks take such a deal o' looking after." These, and the wild Irish people who egg on Murtagh to resist, and finally to hate, the honest, respectable, but unsympathetic agent, Mr. Plunkett, who is always striving to introduce discipline, present all the elements for a certain collision. And when the shock comes we are not surprised at its magnitude. On the contrary, our eyes are more than ever opened to the great truth that the comedy of child life is only separated by a narrow fence from the depths of tragedy. Every now and then we hear in real life of terrible crimes committed by children, as, for instance, the robberies and murders which were committed by a gang of boys a few years ago near Paris, and we exclaim, "How unnatural!" The truth is that the imagination of youth may lead the possessors of that faculty, so dangerous if unguided, to any actions ranging from the height of sublimity to the depth of depravity, and the same child who, under the influence of one set of circumstances, will give his life for his friend, might quite conceivably under other circumstances take the life of that same friend. The safeguard of society and the greatest moral force is habit. Children are only inexperienced men and women, with habits as yet unformed. Anything may be expected from them. The recognition of these infinite possibilities, and the acute sympathy with the child nature shown in every page of the book, constitute the chief value of Miss Shaw's story, which is as original as it is interesting.

The children have been sent home from India, and suffered to run wild on the mountains, for the sake of health. Their only companions are the village urchins, whom Murtagh forms into a tribe, of which he is chief. Mr. Plunkett, whose attempts to improve the estate and to reduce the young Blairs to discipline have made him equally obnoxious to gentle and simple, is their natural enemy, and amid the gleeful pranks of the children a thread of growing antagonism runs from beginning to end of the story. The irritating conserva-

tism of the Irish peasant sometimes causes Mr. Plunkett to be unjust; but, on the whole, we are made to recognize throughout that he is a worthy man, only misunderstanding the children and people, and misunderstood by them. His deep affection for his own little daughter stands in strong contrast with his coldness to the rest. The young Blairs oppose him, and, being a stern man with strict ideas of duty, he is bent on crushing their opposition. Delightful as they are to us who see their daily life, they are rebellious, and as rebels he distrusts them and will put them down. Their high spirits become more and more excited against him, and the culminating point is reached when, in a moment of not unprovoked wrath, he shoots a favourite dog of Winnie's which she has set at him in defence of a stone hut built by their father and dear to them as having been the scene of their merriest frolics, the home of their imagination. He has falsely, but not unnaturally, believed that Murtagh had been concerned in the burning of his hay-yard, during which his daughter had been in some danger. He has again and again committed acts which the reader sees to be perfectly justifiable, but which seem most unjust to the children, and he is about to evict the mother of one of the tribe. With the wild imagination of an undisciplined boy, and with a brain temporarily unhinged by grief and anger, Murtagh contrives at a plot which will bring the supposed tyrant's life into danger; and though we are sure from the first that his true nature will assert itself in time, we are made to shudder at his narrow approach to criminality. As the head of his tribe—quite as truly so in imagination as if he were an Irish king in the olden time—he feels himself impotent to defend them, and is humiliated before them when attempting to assert their rights. While he is in a condition of suppressed rage and mortification, Adrienne blunders into telling him the story of the Sicilian Vespers and John of Procida's attempts to deliver his country. He feels that he himself is bound to become a deliverer, and his state of mental distraction removes from the case all sense of improbability when he becomes the abettor of a proposed crime. This is quite natural. Who is there that has not seen boys, when unjustly punished and smarting under the sense of injury as well as bodily pain, turn round upon their tormentor with a look which said plainly enough what they would do were not courage and opportunity wanting. Under such circumstances it is exactly the boys of highest spirit who are the most dangerous.

Though the children are the centre on which the story turns, there is much that is both amusing and seriously truthful in the relations between the Irish peasants and the agent. He is always trying to improve them; they resisting the process with much determination and slyness. Murtagh as a boy can do pretty much as he pleases with his tribe, but we fear that Murtagh grown up will have as difficult a problem before him as ever tortured his youth. The "Saxon" intellect hardly grasps the idea that there are whole races of men who do not regard comfort and progress as the height of earthly felicity. It seems as if the Irish peasant preferred his pig and potato patch, if he can hold them in undisturbed possession, to all the mines of Golconda or the riches of Cathay; and this difficulty, which we see again plainly stated in *Castle Blair*, finds in Miss Shaw's book no solution. She evidently knows Irish life well, and her sympathies include both sides of the question. In the absolute darkness which prevails, any light thrown on the subject would be interesting, and we should be curious to see what so clever and thoughtful a pen could make out of Murtagh as a landlord.

THE GARDENER'S ASSISTANT.*

FOR more than one reason it is convenient, in reviewing the *Gardener's Assistant*, to reverse the order in which that work discusses the kitchen, fruit, and flower gardens. In the first place, as regards kitchen-gardening, soils, and manures, the treatment of which is due to the original editor, Mr. Thompson, the bulky volume before us is substantially the same as the earlier editions; whereas the one-third of new matter contributed to this edition by the best specialists of the day in horticulture is devoted to flowers, shrubs, arboriculture, window and fancy gardening; so that there would be a risk, if we began with vegetables, that we might have no room for the flowers. Now, as hearty worshippers of Flora—whom we differ from the contributor of the chapter on "Floral Decorations" in not believing to have been, according to Lactantius's absurd story, a rich woman of bad character turned into a goddess, but rather a much more ancient personification of the generative power of nature—we are bound to give the dame precedence, and may have a word or two to say of the orchard and fruit garden afterwards. With learners and reviewers alike a succinct handbook of gardening deserves more welcome than a *μύα βιβλίον* of 950 pages; but there is this advantage in the encyclopedic form of the latter, that it is certain to contain many useful counsels of experience necessarily crowded out of briefer manuals. The professed aim of the work is to show, in each department,

* *The Gardener's Assistant, Practical and Scientific.* By Robert Thompson, of the Royal Horticultural Society's Gardens, Chiswick, &c. New Edition, revised and extended by Thomas Moore, F.L.S., Curator of the Chelsea Botanic Garden, &c. London: Blackie & Son. Glasgow & Edinburgh. 1878.

what to select and plant, as well as how to make the theory and practice of gardening yield the best results. In fruit and vegetables the introduction of meritorious innovations is necessarily a much less formidable work than the survey of the modern novelties of the flower-garden, and the supplementary matter now required has been supplied by a staff of competent writers on their respective subjects. Thus Mr. J. C. Niven, of Hull Botanic Gardens, may well be accepted as an authority on hardy perennials, alpinists, bulbs, aquatic plants, and window-gardening; Mr. W. B. Helmsley, of Kew, on hardy trees and shrubs, conifers, climbers, hardy and half-hardy annuals, and bedding plants; and Mr. T. Baines, of Southgate, on the laying-out of flower-gardens and pleasure-grounds; and other contributors have equal claims to attention. It should be said that the work begins with a complete calendar of monthly gardening operations, and then discusses *seriatim* the growth and nutrition of plants, the nature of soils and manures, the peculiarities of tools, implements, and meteorological instruments, the form, aspect, and operations of kitchen and fruit-gardens, with propagation, budding, grafting, pruning, training, and general culture, and chapters on the orchard-house, and different kinds of garden structures, and principles of heating them; and this before approaching that part of the subject to which, as we have said, our present remarks are to be addressed.

It is well remarked at the outset that the revolution in flower-gardening in the last forty years has aimed at new effects of form, foliage, and more subdued colour; and that the result has been to group the finest forms of leaf-growth with the most striking arrangement of floral beauty. Unless the look-out is one which it is desirable to hide at all hazards, a flower-garden should not be too prominent—a matter in which “bedding out” and the even more modern “carpet bedding” are grievous sinners. These should be limited to a subordinate area, allowing an ample contrast of turf and sward, and avoiding too many straight lines, intricacies of beds and networks of walks, often coloured with pounded brick and the like. Where gravel divides beds, the only advantage of which is that the surface is drier to walk on after rain, there is need of an edging; and the *Gardener's Assistant* considers that the best edging is box, though we agree with Mr. Hobday in his little treatise on Cottage Gardening that house-leeks, or echeverias, which little feet will not trouble, or even “*Arabis alba*,” will make effective edgings if there is need of any other arrangement than cutting the flower-beds out of the grass, which is an edging in itself. Our authority lays down sound rules as to ensuring a west or south aspect, a warm and early light soil and thorough drainage, and instils the lesson that surface-dressing, decomposed vegetable matter, peat, and loam, ensure the life and health under a summer sky in modern England of many plants long regarded as only cultivable under glass. Another *sine quid non* is a handy access to water; every flower-garden of any pretension should have a number of stand-pipes connected with a sufficient head of water to furnish a full supply in dry weather; and to these movable hose piping should be attachable. It is a sound judgment which prefers gradual blendings of colour to violent contrasts, and, whether in picturesque, geometric, or symmetrical beds, underdoes rather than overdoes floral decoration.

As to form, the *Gardener's Assistant* gives us ample choice, but we entirely agree with Mr. Hobday in recommending generally the eschewal of stars, diamonds, and all fancy patterns. For supply and supplementation of beds a reserve garden, as in some of the public gardens of London and Paris, is desirable where possible, and by such means spring and winter bedders might be made to supplement the summer array, and give continuity to the whole. Violas, red and white daisies, early wall-flowers, aubrietias, and *Arabis alba*, are useful here; but our experience agrees with that of the *Gardener's Assistant*, that “beet with coloured leaves for summer foliage, and kale for the winter, are better left to their legitimate quarters, the kitchen-garden.” In shelter and an appropriate climate the sub-tropical garden is a grand modern resource; and, even if not adopted in its entirety, may relieve formality by the introduction of fine-leaved specimens into flower-beds, either in the way of harmonies (e.g. green-leaved cannas in a circle margined with *Funkia Sieboldiana*), or of contrasts, as where young plants of *Catalpa syringifolia* are contrasted with the dark-leaved cannas, or the metallic-tinted foliage of the *Ricinus* or castor-oil plant, which may be raised from seed in spring, and is of rapid growth. We have ourselves in the present year realized the splendid effects of the castor-oil plant foliage in the midst of beds of purple and yellow viola. An appeal is also made in these pages on behalf of the old hardy perennial garden with the bulbs and herbaceous plants which need little attention, and whose sole fault is that some of them are always in process of ripening off their tops. In subordination to the principal garden a place might be found for these with light, air, and sun, and not in a corner under trees or shade. If possible, the herbaceous border should face the south, and it should be removed from the action of tree roots. Then, with a background of shrubs and a due regard to gradation of height, the *Arundo conspicua* and *Pampas grass*, the spiræas, tritomas, tropeolums, aubrietias, aquilegias, delphiniums, violas, and anemones would blend happily with others of kindred family. It is a piece of sound advice with reference to the herbaceous garden that a fork, and not a spade, should be used for digging among the plants, so as not to injure the surface roots; another is, not to cut off decayed tops, especially of such as are hollow stemmed, for what remains of the stalk holds the water and drip, to the damage of the next season's buds. The use of

rockwork for hiding an unsightly view, relieving a dead level, and making a place for Alpine plants and ferns, is set forth with the needful caution that “an imitation of the Rocky Mountains is undesirable, unless where there is a Chatsworth to operate upon.” At the same time, isolated rockwork has its use with a surrounding of fern, ivy, vinea, or coloneaster; and, where a rivulet intersects the grounds, it may be led with advantage over a rocky bed. Clefts and cavities for soil, however, must not take the form of square boxes; nor ought roots of trees to serve the purpose of harbouring snails and woodlice. We confess to some surprise at the advocacy of brick burrs for rockwork in these pages, which, along with blacking pots and “similar pieces of obscene crockery,” we should have banned, with Mr. Robinson in his book on Alpine flowers. The truth is, tact and good taste will find a place for everything in the garden precincts for which there is room and aptitude. “I have known,” writes Mr. Hobday, “instances in which a round sum of money has been spent to perch a modern flower-garden on the side of a cliff, in the natural home of ferns and creepers, which latter would have made the place permanently beautiful at a very trifling cost.”

A chapter on “Pleasure Grounds” contains many sound remarks on their planting and other arrangements. The walks should be well made, well drained, and fairly broad, and the planting not too promiscuous, but allowing open vistas from the front of the house and other outlooks. It is a mistake to group masses of pines and deciduous trees elsewhere than on a hill-side, as the result is apt to be patchy; and, for the sake of variety, the *Ailanthus glandulosa* and *Occidental plane* are recommended for late leafage, and freedom from attacks of insects. The graceful lime has its drawback in being sometimes bared by the red spider by mid-autumn. Temples and statues on pleasure-grounds the *Gardener's Assistant*, with true insight, discourages. In fact, nothing adds so much grandeur to lawn or pleasure-ground as an expanse of well-kept sward, which may either be turfed directly, or sown with seeds towards the end of a showery August. In connexion with the pleasure-ground and flower-garden come those modern specialities the American garden and the rose-garden, both detached nowadays from the rest of the beds, and placed, the former preferably in a hollow, moisture-holding, peaty slope, the latter in deep, rich, loamy soil, annually manured, unless where the soil is exceptionally rich. In the one the hardy rhododendrons, now so splendid and so various, may be made to flourish amidst such kinsfolk as heaths, daphnes, azaleas, and kalmias, the dwarf varieties for edging, and such strangers as *Acer negunda variegata*, *Acer rubrum*, *Arundo conspicua*, and *Gynierium argenteum*. The rhododendrons are planted early in autumn, and are best propagated by grafting, budding, and inarching. The rose-garden, a pure English hobby requiring far less space than the American garden, may be cultivated successfully at small cost, except of pains and loving culture, by propagation in spring, summer, or autumn, by cuttings, layering, suckers, or chiefly by budding on the dog-rose or the Manetti stock. Of these two the Manetti is said to be too gross for any but the freest growing sorts, and this is the opinion of Mr. Paul; while Mr. Reynolds Hole, after recording all that can be said for it, is convinced that “by far the greater number of the most perfect roses may be, are, and will be grown and shown from our indigenous English brier.” Where there is space, a division of the rose-garden into two parts, for summer and autumn sorts, with different times for pruning, is recommended here, and Mr. Paul urges *disbudding* as the system best calculated to produce the finest flowers.

A very interesting chapter treats of “Trees for Towns” and of “avenues.” Here it would surely have been needless to lay down the law of sticking to one kind of tree for each avenue, did we not learn that in some American towns each citizen exercises the right of planting his favourite tree. For town smoke and dust the Oriental plane and the Maple-leaved plane do best; but the Lombardy poplar, which would come second if it had more shade, has given place successfully at Birmingham and London to the New Canadian poplar. The Siberian elm has been used for avenues near Nottingham. The lime is too honey-dewy, and the horse-chestnut too susceptible of frost, for town use. The Norway maple and sycamore suit better. We must not close the *Gardener's Assistant* without a hasty glance at its survey of the fruit-garden. The descriptive lists of apples, pears, cherries, plums, peaches, nectarines, and wall-fruit are, if not exhaustive, eminently suggestive and helpful. The *Gardener's Assistant* inclines, as does the author of *Cottage Gardening*, to the espalier as the best form of training for apples, though not to the displacement of dwarfs and standards, and not without due praise to the lateral and bilateral, oblique and vertical cordons which have been so successful with pears and apples in France, and are doing admirably in England—as, for example, at Hom Lacey, in Herefordshire. On pear culture, and wall-fruit generally, we should have liked to say a word about orchard-houses, glass structures, and the comparatively modern system of glass coping, which, though approving itself experimentally to those who have tried it, is perhaps too new to have found a place in this book. A last word must be said in praise of its splendid coloured plates, its numerous engravings, and the general care shown in its editing and getting up.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

III.

IN the crowd of Christmas Books, *Examples of Contemporary Art* (J. Comyns Carr. Chatto and Windus. A. Ballue) deserves all the words of welcome that Clytemnestra poured forth on her returning lord. It is a fair day after tempest, a well by a dusty and stony road. Mr. Comyns Carr has selected a number of the etchings from works of contemporary painters which appeared in *L'Art* during the last season, and has accompanied the designs with a commentary, partly original, partly translated from the French of M. Tardieu. It is superfluous to say that Mr. Comyns Carr's judgments are sober and sincere. We may agree with him, or differ, but we must admit that he is neither flippant nor dithyrambic; nay, it is often plain that he says much less than he thinks, and the implied censure gains effect from its temperance. The frontispiece of the volume is an etching by M. Lalauze, after Mr. Burne Jones's "Beguiling of Merlin." Speaking from memory, it seems to us that M. Lalauze, while struggling gallantly with a difficult task, has rather exaggerated, to put it mildly, the characteristic features of Nimue, or Vivien, or whatever we are to call her. Even in the painting this lady did deserve the censure of Mr. Punch:—

How very much their lips do pout!
How very far their chins stick out!

Mr. Comyns Carr meets the charge brought against Mr. Burne Jones, that the faces he paints reveal a certain monotony of type. He urges that "all the men of ideal aims in art have been known by the individuality of their type. . . . It is only the art that is in essence realistic—that depends less upon imagination than upon veracity in portraiture—which can hope to escape from this reproach." Just apply this theory to poetry. It would follow that Otway—whose heroes are as monotonous in character as Mr. Burne Jones's ladies are in chins and expression—had a more ideal aim and more imagination than Shakespeare. We appeal from Mr. Comyns Carr to an older authority, to Molière, who observed art, as he observed everything, with justice and penetration. Speaking to Mignard about this very question, diversity in the drawing of faces, he says:—

Et c'est là qu'un grand peintre, avec pleine largesse.
D'une féconde idée étale la richesse,
Faisant briller partout de la diversité
Et ne tombant jamais dans un air répété:
Mais un peintre commun trouve une peine extrême
A sortir dans ses airs de l'amour de soi-même;
De redites sans nombre il fatigue les yeux,
Et plein de son image, il se peint en tous lieux.

Sainte-Beuve remarks with truth that it is not common painters alone who repeat the type of face; "il y en a de très-distingués, mais qui ont un coin de manie." After all, our criticism resolves itself into this—that the infinite variety of Titian is not the result of limited but of the widest imagination. Indeed his name is misplaced among modern men, creatures of an hour. The writing of M. Tardieu in this volume is marred by his habit of pushing musical slang or terminology into painting. A man may love painting without having a taste for music, and M. Tardieu's wise words about "orchestral" effects and so on are mere jargon to such a one, who, for all that, may be not absolutely without understanding. If we had to choose a favourite out of this pleasing volume, it would be the etching opposite p. 64, a portrait of a lady, by M. Chaplin. Much of the work, through no fault of the etchers, "leaves us cold," as Mr. Comyns Carr says M. Alma Tadema's pictures do. The binding and decoration of this desirable book are worthy of the contents. It is a present which every one who cares for modern painting and criticism must find it good to give or to receive.

Leaves from My Sketch-Book (E. W. Cooke, R.A. Murray) leaves one very cold indeed. Mr. Cooke's facile, but uninteresting, pencil has been busy on the Nile. Mr. Cooke finds it "impossible to say" why a certain temple at Philæ is called "Pharaoh's Bed." If he has drawn it correctly the reason is obvious. The bed is the very image of an old-fashioned "four-poster," canopy and all. The book is got up in a pretty style, and will doubtless please persons who have seen the Nile but were themselves unable to sketch what they admired.

The Imperial Assemblage at Delhi (J. Talboys Wheeler. Longmans and Co.) is a work, clothed in Imperial purple, which should convince the crafty Muscovite that we mean business. A more Imperial record of Indian Imperialism, anything more completely in keeping with the "Assemblage at Delhi," cannot be imagined. Beginning with a photograph of Her Majesty in her costume as Kaiser-I-Hind, a magnificent work of art which of itself strikes terror and commands respect, Mr. Talboys Wheeler guides us through a mighty maze of photographs of Rajahs and Begums. Lord Lytton looks really charming, in a huge white cloak covered with golden ornaments of the sort known at Mycenæ as "cuttle-fish pattern." We do not understand how any one can look at this portrait and doubt the discretion of the choice which sent Lord Lytton to India. He looks an Aryan, every inch. The poor little Gaekwar of Baroda is buckled to a sword as big as Durandal. The photographs of Indian architecture, graceful in form and opulent in ornament, are alone sufficient to make this an interesting and instructive work. The Dewan-I-Khas is peculiarly rich and beautiful. The volume also contains many valuable and curious maps and plans, and the name of Mr. Talboys Wheeler is a guarantee for the correctness of the

letterpress. Though one may doubt whether photography is a good instrument for reproducing state portraits, the book will teach readers more of India and our rule there than they are likely to learn from works less vividly illustrated.

"What a lot of things I do not want!" said the philosopher as he walked down Regent Street and stared at the shop-windows. "What a number of people I never heard of!" the same sage might remark as he studied the portraits in the *Vanity Fair Album* (The Office). The artists have nearly exhausted the world of illustrious persons, and are reduced to a distinguished convict, and "younger sons," the latter very gracefully designated by their nicknames. This practice makes the reader feel pleasantly at home with the aristocracy. One is glad to learn, on the authority of Jehu Junior, that the Duke of Cleveland "is a gentleman." Midhat Pasha, Mr. Tooth, and Kuo Sung Tao are the most interesting people caricatured in this volume.

Pictures by Sir E. Landseer, R.A. (W. Cosmo Monkhouse. Virtue and Co. Limited). We have already praised Mr. Monkhouse's criticism of Landseer's sketches. His just and sober remarks add to the worth of the always popular engravings here reproduced.

The Works of J. M. W. Turner, R.A. (James Dafforne. Virtue and Co. Limited). Mr. Dafforne prefixes a capital portrait of Turner to his biography of the painter. The story of the Life is divided, with some appropriateness, into Dawn, Morning, Meridian, Evening, Sunset. There are no traces left of the house in which Turner was born. It is a pity that we do not follow the foreign fashion of fixing a plate, if not a bust, on the walls of houses which every one is curious to see, or on the walls at least which occupy the same site. But what do Vestries care for poetry and painting? The Thames must have been to Turner what the Tweed was to Scott; "his last look on earth was turned towards it." It is odd to think that in an old coloured print which one buys in a back street behind the Strand the tints may be the work of Turner. He toiled at his drudgery for John Raphael Smith in Maiden Lane. Want of space prevents us from following Mr. Dafforne further than Turner's Dawn. The engravings may help to make more popular the great painter whom the general public still fails to admire or understand.

Floral Designs for the Table (John Perkins. Wyman and Sons) is the fruit of the reflections and experience of a distinguished head-gardener. The "Cricket Luncheon" is a horticultural compliment to the colours of the I Zingari and of united Germany. The Free Foresters, who uphold Mr. Swinburne's favourite tri-colour, "the green, and white, and red," offer a fine subject to Mr. Henniker. Of his breakfast-table we may say, in a parody of Mr. Browning's patriot, "it is roses, roses all the way, and myrtle mixed with the plates like mad." "Ampelopsis Veitchii" is clearly the correct thing for a hunting breakfast. The "Harvest-Home" dinner reminds us of Raffaele's arabesques in his late decorative style.

Cassell's Natural History, Vol. I. (P. Martin Duncan, M.B. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin) is mainly occupied with monkeys. The pictures are painfully human. From the design of "Orang at Bay" (p. 65) one gathers that Orangs are nasty opponents at close quarters; and they have no notion of fair play, but revel in a "rough and tumble fight." The "Young Long-nosed Monkey" is painfully like the old long-nosed lady of civilized life (p. 90). The creature has an air of high-breeding and complacent ignorance which one does not expect to meet except in the human countenance. The letterpress is instructive and diverting. "Welwitsch's Bat," which is exactly like the popular idea of Shakespeare's "Puck," is a strange and, as Artemus Ward says, "an amooosin little cuss." Few better books for boys are published than this *Natural History*.

The Snowdrop Papers (Remington and Co.) have a very pretty cover, and illustrations remarkable for an entire absence of ambition. The drawing of the Arctic spirit is imaginative. The tales told by sea-gulls and other creatures are full of the sentiment of winter and of the Polar seas.

The Young Llanero (W. H. G. Kingston. T. Nelson and Sons) deals, in Mr. Kingston's rattling style, with "war and wild life in Venezuela." People who think it bliss to kill three brace of alligators before breakfast will envy the characters in this romance. The sagacity of boa-constrictors is illustrated (p. 176) by a sketch of a large snake who has wound himself round the floating trunk of a tree, and is sailing down stream in great comfort. The heroes in the most aggressive and wanton way fire at this deserving reptile, but fortunately miss. A boa-constrictor is nothing to an anaconda which (p. 194) is on the point, for reasons of its own, of swallowing a medical man. The doctor happily escaped, to adorn science and instruct youth with his lectures on natural history.

The Original Robinson Crusoe (Rev. H. C. Adams. George Routledge) tells us all that is known of Alexander Selkirk. Mr. Adams has compiled a bibliography of the original works which treat of Selkirk. It is rather sad to learn that Selkirk eventually married a widow, and was lost sight of by his friends in Fifeshire. He must have suffered a good deal as a married man, for his love of loneliness and quiet had grown inveterate.

There is some fancy in *Fairy Circles* (Marcus Ward and Co.) The book is translated from the German of Villamaria, and introduces children to the best of fairy company—King Laurin, the Barbarossa of legend, the fair Kriemhild, and all who shared in the ruin wrought by "the ring Antvari's loom."

The Imitation of Christ (Chapman and Hall) is a handsomely illustrated copy of this devotional classic. Jacquemart's etching from the shadowy head of Our Lord in Leonardo's "Last Supper" forms the frontispiece. M. Maillot's etching "Master!" (p. 91) is as much too French in sentiment and detail as M. Lehmann's drawings are too smugly German. M. Chiffart's work reminds us of the etchings in Léon Gautier's *Chanson de Roland*.

Narrative Poetry for the Young (Routledge) is an interesting selection, adorned with many woodcuts. This is a book to keep, as well as a book to give away.

Little Blue Bell's Picture Book (Routledge) is literally crowded with woodcuts. On pp. 6 and 7, and on p. 43, are designs from a hand which has left too little, the hand of Mr. J. Lawless. These are well worth study, though the blocks have seen better days. Here too is Mr. Sandys's design for Mr. Meredith's verses on the Water-Rat and the Wandering Rustic. This book also has its value; it recalls the best days of English drawing on the wood.

We have also received *Sunday* (Gardner); *Mother Goose's Fairy Tales* (Routledge); *Mother Goose's Melodies* (Routledge); *Fred Markham in Russia* (W. H. Kingston. Griffith and Farran); *The Daisy* (F. Warne); and six volumes of *Night-Caps*, short stories for children (F. Warne).

GERMAN LITERATURE.

MISS ZIMMERN'S agreeable biography has made Arthur Schopenhauer sufficiently familiar to English readers to secure considerable attention even in this country for another work similar in subject, but of treble dimensions, and apparently promising an abundant accession of new material. The experienced in such matters will not be surprised to find that this promise has been but indifferently redeemed, and that the English biographer had all that was absolutely essential before her in Dr. Gwinner's former volume. The fact is that Dr. Gwinner's command over his materials was as complete fifteen years ago as it is now, and that he is much too able and discriminating a man of letters not to have from the first turned them to the best account. In yielding to the popular demand for a fuller biography he has not judged wisely for his own literary reputation, and the best thing that could happen to him would be that his present copious but cumbrous publication might disappear as soon as possible in favour of the condensed, concise, and in every respect classical, little biography which he originally gave to the world. It by no means follows, however, that the new contributions to Schopenhauer's history are destitute of intrinsic value. Coming down in a torrent, they have swamped Dr. Gwinner's original modest labours—fragments of which, easily recognizable by their superior felicity of expression, gleam ever here and there *namés in gurgite vasto*; but the turbid flood brings down grains of gold with which the student of Schopenhauer will not suffer himself to dispense; and it will be Dr. Gwinner's singular fate, having written a masterpiece and a second-rate book on the same subject, to be remembered mainly by the latter. We see nothing to except to in his additional labours on the ground of good taste or discretion; nor, although he partly justifies his present undertaking on the ground of the need for a protest against the extravagant pessimism of some of Schopenhauer's imitators, towards which he accuses himself of having contributed by unwise panegyric of the philosopher in his former work, can we think that this end will be attained by any reaction against the accredited estimate of Schopenhauer's character. On the contrary, the present biography seems calculated to corroborate the more indulgent view of Schopenhauer in several important particulars, especially in the all-important one of his intellectual sincerity. This seems fully established by the letters and anecdotes of his youthful days, which unmistakably show his deep and genuine sympathy with human affliction in every form, in some features irresistibly recalling the legends of his Indian prototype Buddha. Many instances of his munificence are recorded, and, on the whole, with all his moroseness, he wears less the aspect of the embittered misanthrope than of the *bourru bienfaisant*. His correspondence with his sister also places his domestic character in a much more favourable light. One curious episode, now for the first time fully recounted, indicates that he did himself injustice in pronouncing himself utterly disqualified for business. This is the recovery of his property, imperilled by the failure of the mercantile house to which it had been entrusted—a recovery not due, as hitherto supposed, to the promptitude of his appearance on the scene after his return from Italy, but to his clear apprehension of the situation from the first, and his invincible firmness in rejecting all overtures for a compromise. The negotiations were protracted, and involved a correspondence which exhibits Schopenhauer in the light of a rich practical humourist. Another interesting correspondence relates to his proposal to translate Kant into English. His own letters are in English, and prove his admirable qualifications for the task as a master of both languages. Whether from compulsion, delicacy, or aversion, Dr. Gwinner has but slightly availed himself of the voluminous indiscretions of Lindner and Frauenstädt, and yet another biography will probably be required

to make Schopenhauer's portrait entirely complete. Such a publication, we may hope, will afford occasion for a reprint of his own original memoir of the philosopher, which will be most welcome to those who feel most indebted to him for his present work.

A more sympathetic, but less ruggedly original, character than Schopenhauer is also the subject of a voluminous biography. Readers acquainted with Rudolph Haym's *History of the Romantic School* will not expect him to err on the side of brevity; and, if executed throughout on the same scale, this biography of even so eminent a man as Herder must be pronounced disproportionate to the importance of the subject. It may, however, have been his principal design to reduce the material now dispersed through several memoirs and collections into a form more available for future biographers; and, if so, his labours have not been fruitless. Little more than a judicious abridgment of his copious narrative will be requisite for the production of a really attractive and artistic work. The three hundred pages now before us comprise the first twenty-five years of Herder's life, down to his resignation of his pastorate at Riga. It is remarkable how many points of contact the young clergyman, whose early development had been so greatly retarded by unprosperous circumstances, had already contrived to establish with the leading spirits of his nation. He had engaged in controversy with Lessing and Mendelssohn; he owed the stimulus which had given the bent to his whole life to his intimacy with Kant; he was Hamann's friend and Nicolai's correspondent; his abrupt departure from Riga was the consequence of a controversy of abiding interest; he had already broached ideas destined to bear abundant fruit in art, literary criticism, and theology. The history of such brilliant precocity cannot but be interesting; and the diffuseness of Herr Haym's treatment, however deterring, need not prove an insuperable obstacle in the path of well-disposed readers.

Albrecht von Graefe †, the greatest oculist of modern times, is the subject of a concise but adequate biography by Dr. E. Michaelis. Great part of this is necessarily occupied by technical details, fully intelligible only to professional men, illustrative of the revolution effected by Graefe in ophthalmological science. There is, however, enough of personal history to furnish a sufficient picture of Graefe's character, the leading traits of which appear to have been independence, warmth of attachment, and an insatiable passion for work. There seems indeed little doubt that his prodigious and almost unremitting labours undermined his health, although the actual cause of death was tubercular disease. He owed much to his early studies at Paris, and subsequently to his Swiss and Scotch pupils, who carried his fame abroad before it was duly recognized at home; and the Berlin faculty are taxed, justly or unjustly, with some shortcoming in respect towards his memory.

An interesting monograph by Dr. A. Bachmann ‡ traces the history of three eventful years of the reign of George Podiebrad, King of Bohemia in the fifteenth century, being those (1458-1461) in which he vainly solicited election as King of the Romans. The peculiar importance of this episode, according to Dr. Bachmann's view, consists in George's recourse to the Court of Rome when other auxiliaries had failed him, and his adoption, to gain the Papal favour, of a persecuting policy towards his Utraquist subjects, by whose support he had originally gained the Bohemian throne. The discontent thus occasioned ultimately drove him into a diametrically opposite course of policy, which proved in the long run no less pernicious.

The general interest in the affairs of Turkey § has induced the firm of Otto Spamer, well known as purveyors of cheap popular information, to produce a lavishly illustrated compilation of geographical, ethnological, and historical particulars respecting it, one of the compilers being so well known a writer as Friedrich von Hellwald. The point of view is, unfortunately, one of uncompromising hostility to the Mussulman régime, which may or may not be justified by the facts of the case, but which deprives a book of all claim to attention when so obviously the result of a foregone conclusion. The chapters on the Christian populations are better, because more impartial. All the writer's opinions, however, are adopted at secondhand, and the work makes no pretension to original research in any department. Some sections, such as that devoted to the Turkish language and literature, are exceedingly brief and defective. The best part is perhaps the woodcuts, which are very numerous, and, if only fairly accurate delineations, calculated to be very useful. A second volume is to be devoted to the Ottoman possessions in Asia and Africa.

"From the Don to the Danube" ||, by K. E. Franzos, is a book of very light calibre, but more satisfactory than the same writer's greatly overpraised "Semi-Asia," because less pretentious, and including some literary sketches of real value.

* *Herder nach seinem Leben und seinen Werken dargestellt.* Von E. Haym. Bd. 2. Heft 2. Berlin: Gaertner. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Albrecht von Graefe: sein Leben und Wirken.* Von Dr. E. Michaelis. Berlin: Reimer. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Böhmen und seine Nachbarländer unter Georg von Podiebrad, 1458-1461, und des Königs Bewerbung um die deutsche Krone.* Von Dr. A. Bachmann. Prag: Calve. London: Nutt.

§ *Die heutige Türkei: Bilder und Schilderungen aus allen Theilen des Osmanischen Reiches in Europa.* Herausgegeben von F. von Hellwald und L. C. Beck. Leipzig: Spamer. London: Williams & Norgate.

|| *Von Don zur Donau: neue Culturbilder aus "Halb-Asien."* Von K. E. Franzos. 2 The. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

* *Schopenhauer's Leben.* Von Wilhelm Gwinner. Zweite aufgearbeitete und vielfach vermehrte Auflage der Schrift: Arthur Schopenhauer aus persönlichem Umgange dargestellt. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Kolckmann.

Among these is a survey of the poetical literature of that ill-used people the Ruthenians, whose misfortune it is to be just enough of Russians to warrant the expectation that a sufficient dose of oppression may make them Russian altogether. Their poets, as elsewhere, have been the chief upholders of their nationality, and consequently the chief objects of persecution. "All our singers," says a Ruthenian, "are martyrs or exiles." The palm of genius and suffering among them belongs to Scheftschenko (1814-1861), in whose songs and popular romances, according to Herr Franzos, the characteristics of the Ruthenian people are reproduced with marvellous fidelity. His antagonism to Panslavism was visited with compulsory military service and corporal maltreatment, and he died in exile at St. Petersburg. Another interesting chapter describes the remarkable progress of Bulgarian literature since the time, now half a century past, that the great Czech philologist Schafarik could find no materials even for an account of the language. Another is devoted to the melodious but diffuse poetry of Roumania, including pretty copious translations from Alexandri and Bolentiniano, the most eminent poets up to this date; and another to Roumanian proverbs, which appear nicely adapted to the status of a people more remarkable for mother-wit and good-humour than for honesty, thrift, or industry. The tales and sketches which make up the rest of the book, if very slight, are sufficiently readable, especially the Ruthenian tale of "Martin the Spy." The collection is concluded by a sketch of low life in Pesth, from which it would seem that the Hungarian capital yields to no other in the number and audacity of its thieves and vagabonds.

Two volumes of letters written during an Italian tour, by Paul Hertz*, are in themselves graceful and agreeable, and very well calculated to inform intending travellers of what they may expect to see, and to remind returned travellers of what they have seen. There is no novelty of observation or description; but the book is throughout most enjoyable from the writer's own genial enjoyment of his tour, and his sensitiveness to every phase of culture. His method and his estimate differ widely from those of an English fellow-traveller, who thus summed up his experience of Rome:—"I did the sight-seeing in nine days, and was then quite disgusted with the place!"

Dr. Contzen's history of the Social Question †, or the methods proposed in all ages for adjusting the relations of the rich and the poor, necessarily partakes somewhat of the character of a criticism also. The writer's point of view is intermediate between the representatives of extreme opinions; his political economy is not inexorably rigid, and he is favourable to co-operation and similar contrivances for enabling workmen to become proprietors without encroachment on the rights of property. He also points out that many crude and wild socialistic projects, such as Fourier's phalansteries, have afforded useful hints subsequently embodied in legislation. The value of the work is much enhanced by its copious references, which render it a most serviceable guide to the literature of the subject.

A smaller historico-critical compendium, by F. Mehring ‡, is confined to the recent phases of German Socialism. The writer is unqualified in his condemnation of this system; and his condemnation comes with greater weight from his candour in acknowledging the intellectual distinction of some of the Socialist leaders, especially Lassalle and Karl Marx. The conclusion of the argument is that the objects of these reformers cannot be obtained without a complete overthrow of existing society, which actually contains within itself the elements of reform. The historical portion of the book, besides a pretty full biography of Lassalle, contains numerous interesting particulars respecting the International and the intrigues of the managers of the various societies into which it has ramified.

Dr. L. von Sybel's disquisition on the mythology of the Iliad § is evidently a work of thought and learning, but it is one of which the main idea is very difficult to seize. The Greek myth, says Dr. Sybel, is unintelligible to us so long as it remains Greek; it must therefore be rendered into modern modes of thought, and such a translation is apparently the aim of his treatise. The process and the result, however, are alike obscure to us. Perhaps the most valuable part of the book is a review of the other theories which have been advanced by the expounders of Hellenic myths.

C. Radenhausen || has published an introduction and companion to the new edition of his *Osiris*, which may perhaps be taken as an indication that the work has been found too large. There is, in fact, little originality in *Osiris*, and its bulk has stood in the way of the acceptance it might otherwise have obtained as a compendium of the acquisitions and hypotheses of modern physical science, especially in their relation to religious and philosophical ideas. The present digest is terse and interesting. The author digresses into an assault on the current German orthography, enlarging on the saving which might be obtained by the disuse of

unnecessary letters, and himself setting the example. The effect seems somewhat grotesque, but this is probably due to habit.

Haeckel's address on the theory of development, delivered at the Congress of German naturalists*, may be compared with Virchow's introductory discourse, noticed by us last month. It expresses, of course, the most uncompromising confidence in the stability of the Darwinian theory and of all the embellishments it has received from Haeckel himself, and maintains that the possibility of a direct transition from the inorganic to the organic kingdoms, through the Monera, is already demonstrated. The latter part of the address deals with the modifications in education which the prevalence of the development theory will necessitate, thus mooted a point officially declared by Virchow to be not yet ripe for discussion. Haeckel is by no means adverse to classical studies.

The November number of "North and South" † is chiefly devoted to art, including a paper on Rembrandt by W. Lübke, and an ingenious essay on realism and idealism in portrait, by a physician whose peculiar department of medical study has qualified him to be a judge on this subject—Dr. R. Liebreich. There is also an essay on Goethe's *Faust*, by K. Biedermann, contesting the idea of Goethe's having originally conceived the subject as a whole.

The "Russian Review" ‡ publishes the second part of J. Keussler's valuable analysis of the Report of the recent Imperial Commission on the state of agriculture in Russia. This portion of the essay deals with the difficult question of the communal ownership of land, which is pronounced an almost unmitigated evil, but at the same time one requiring to be dealt with very carefully, and only admitting of very gradual removal. An account of the Ainos, or aborigines of the northern part of the Japanese archipelago, contains abundant material of interest for the student of humanity in its most primitive phases.

Excellent contributions continue to appear in those two admirable series, the *Sammlung gemeinverständlicher Vorträge* and the *Deutsche Zeit- und Streit-Fragen* §. Among the most important may be enumerated essays on the technical knowledge of the ancients, on the doctrine of chances, and on the Indian Brahmo Somaj from a missionary point of view.

The contents of the November number of the *Rundschau* || are less varied than usual. They comprise the conclusion of Björnson's striking tale "Magnhild"; an important essay by the distinguished physicist Du Bois Reymond on the place of natural science in the history of culture, concluding with an appeal for increased attention to mathematics and physical science in public schools; and Dr. Hirschfeld's deeply interesting account of the excavations at Olympia, which appeared simultaneously in an English periodical. The German version, however, is accompanied by a plate representing the most important of the newly-discovered statues and fragments of groups, arranged with reference to their supposed position on the pediment of the temple. It must be said that these representations hardly realize expectation in point of artistic merit, but this may be the fault of the copyist or the engraver. The most remarkable contribution to the December number is an elaborate, appreciative, and in general fair review of M. Thiers's political career, by Karl Hillebrand. When, however, Herr Hillebrand apologizes for the lax political morality of Thiers's historical works on the ground that he dealt in narrative, and not in opinions, he forgets that narrative was systematically made to do duty for argument. The article shows a conciliatory disposition towards France, which is also apparent in an interesting archaeological essay by L. Friedländer on Gaul under the Romans. "His Excellency's Daughter," by Paul Hayse, is an elegant, interesting, but melancholy story.

* *Die heutige Entwicklungslehre im Verhältnisse zur Gesamtwissenschaft.* Vortrag von E. Haeckel. Stuttgart: Koch. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Nord und Süd.* Eine deutsche Monatschrift. Bd. 3, Hft. 8. Berlin: Stilke. London: Nutt.

‡ *Russische Revue: Monatschrift für die Kunde Russlands.* Herausgegeben von C. Röttger. Jahrg. 6, Hft. 10. St. Petersburg: Schmitzdorff. London: Trübner.

§ *Sammlung gemeinverständlicher wissenschaftlicher Vorträge. Deutsche Zeit- und Streit-Fragen.* Berlin: C. Habel. London: Williams & Norgate.

|| *Deutsche Rundschau.* Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. Jahrg. 4. Hfte. 2, 3. Berlin: Paetel. London: Trübner.

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* *Italien und Sicilien: Briefe in die Heimath.* Von Paul Hertz. 2 Bde. Berlin: Hertz. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Geschichte der sozialen Frage von der ältesten Zeiten bis zur Gegenwart.* Von Dr. H. Contzen. Berlin: Grieben. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Die deutsche Sozialdemokratie: ihre Geschichte und ihre Lehre.* Eine historisch-kritische Darstellung. Von F. Mehring. Bremen: Schumann. London: Nutt.

§ *Die Mythologie der Iliad.* Von Dr. Ludwig von Sybel. Marburg: Elwert. London: Williams & Norgate.

|| *Zum neuen Glauben: Einleitung und Uebersicht zum Osiris.* Von C. Radenhausen. Hamburg: Meissner. London: Nutt.

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Branch III., Monday, June 17.	
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Second LL.B., Monday, January 7.	
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WILLIAM S. BURTON, General Furnishing Ironmonger, by appointment, to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, sends a CATALOGUE, gratis and post paid. It contains upwards of 350 Illustrations of his unrivalled Stock, with List of Prices and Plans of the Thirty large Show-rooms at 39 Oxford Street, W.; 1, 1A, 2, 3, and 4 Newman Street, 4, 5, and 6 Perry's Place; and 1 Newman Yard; Manufactures, 84 Newman Street, London, W.

HEAL & SON'S CATALOGUE, containing 450 ILLUSTRATIONS, with PRICES of BEDSTEADS, BEDDING, and BED-ROOM FURNITURE, sent free by post.
195, 196, 197, 198 TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.

HEAL & SON'S GOOSE-DOWN QUILTS, from 12s. to 25s. EIDER-DOWN QUILTS, from 24s. to 100s. Lists of Sizes and Prices sent free by post on application to 195, 196, 197, 198 Tottenham Court Road, London, W.

FURNISH YOUR HOUSE or APARTMENTS THROUGHOUT on MODERN HIRE SYSTEM. The original, best, and most liberal. Cash Prices; no Extra Charge for time given. Large, useful Stock to select from. Illustrated price Catalogue, with Terms, post free.—248, 249, 250, and 251 Tottenham Court Road. Established 1862.

CLARK'S PATENT STEEL NOISELESS SHUTTERS. Self Coiling, Fire and Thief Proof, can be adapted to any Window or other Opening. Prospectuses free.—CLARK & CO., Sole Patentees, Hatfield Place, W.; Paris, Manchester, Liverpool, and Dublin.

PIESSE and LUBIN.—HOLY BAZIL. HOLY BAZIL.—RICH and RARE. This is the most rare Perfume distilled from the HOLY BAZIL flower of Hindoo (Oswaria sanctum), so remarkable for its unique fragrance. Sold by Fashionable Druggists in all parts of the World. Laboratory of Flowers, 1 New Bond Street, London.

LIFE ASSURANCES, &c.**THE LIVERPOOL and LONDON and GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY.**

FIRE, LIFE, and ANNUITIES.

1 DALE STREET, LIVERPOOL; CORNHILL, LONDON.

Annual Income, 1876	£1,475,858
Fire Reserve	1,200,000
Life and Annuity Reserve	1,700,000
Total Invested Funds	5,494,654

The valuation of Life Policies effected in the new Participating Class will take place for the term ending December 31, 1878, and on the Declaration of Profits all Life Policies effected in 1877 will rank for Two Years' Bonus. Non-Bonus Policies at moderate rates. Fire Insurance upon equitable terms. For the Prospectus and last Report of the Directors, apply as above, or to any of the Agents of the Company.

* * * Fire Renewal Premiums falling due at Christmas should be paid within Fifteen days therefrom.

REDUCED RATES FOR NON-PARTICIPATING POLICIES.

UNIVERSITY LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,

25 FILL MALL, LONDON, S.W.

Total Funds invested	£1,000,000
Policies in Force, with Additions	£2,200,000

Bonus Additions for every £100 assured have for the last 50 years been at the average Rate of 4 per annum.

For Forms of Proposal and Information, apply to the SECRETARY.

RESULT OF BONUS INVESTIGATION, 31st DECEMBER, 1876.

LEGAL and GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,

FLEET STREET (near Temple Bar).

The Profit is the largest yet divided by the Society. The Bonus gives an average addition of 2s. 6d. per £100 assured. The basis of valuation maintains in their utmost force the safeguards rendering the Society second to none in security to the Assured:

- The new "Institute of Actuaries' Tables of Mortality were employed throughout. (These yield higher Reserves against Policy-liabilities than any other in recognized use.)
- The future rate of Interest obtainable was estimated at 3 per cent. only.
- The whole "Loading" was reserved for future Expenses and Profits (see Government Schedule).

Nine-tenths of the Profits belong to the Assured.

LEGAL and GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

The BONUS REPORT, fully explaining the effect of the principles adopted, and the Valuation Schedule, will be forwarded.

March 1877. E. A. NEWTON, Actuary and Manager.

LAW LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,

FLEET STREET, LONDON.

Invested assets on December 31, 1876	£5,493,862
Income for the past year	£88,973
Amount paid on death to December last	£11,18,830
Aggregate Reversionary Bonuses hitherto allotted	£3,243,138

The Expenses of Management (including Commission) are about 4 per cent. on the Annual Income.

ATTENTION is especially called to the NEW RATES of PREMIUM recently adopted by the Office.

The Rates for YOUNG LIVES will be found MATERIALLY LOWER than heretofore.

POLICIES EFFECTED THIS YEAR (1877) WILL BE ENTITLED TO SHARE IN THE PROFITS AT THE NEXT DIVISION IN DECEMBER 1879.

Forms of proposal, &c., will be sent on application to the Office.

THE SCOTTISH IMPERIAL INSURANCE COMPANY

LONDON.—3 KING WILLIAM STREET, E.C.

GLASGOW and EDINBURGH.

H. AMBROSE SMITH, Secretary and Actuary.

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Established 1863.

1 OLD BROAD STREET, E.C., and 16 & 17 FILL MALL, S.W.

CAPITAL, £1,000,000. PAID-UP and INVESTED, £700,000.

E. COZENS SMITH, General Manager.

HAND-IN-HAND FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE OFFICE.

NEW BRIDGE STREET, BLACKFRIARS.

Instituted 1666.

The OLDEST Insurance Office in the World.

The WHOLE OF THE PROFITS are divided amongst the Policy-holders.

PHENIX FIRE OFFICE,

LOMBARD STREET and CHANCERY CROSS, LONDON.—Established 1782.

Prompt and Liberal Loss Settlements.

Insurances effected in all parts of the World.

GEORGE WM. LOVELL, } Secretaries.
JOHN J. BROOMFIELD, }

LONDON and SOUTHWARK FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE.

CHIEF OFFICE.—75 and 74 KING WILLIAM STREET, E.C.

W. P. REYNOLDS, Manager.

NORTHERN FIRE and LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

Established 1826.

OFFICE IN LONDON.—1 MOORGATE STREET.

Accumulated Funds (December 31, 1876) £2,692,000.

Insurances effected in all parts of the World.

EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

Established 1762. MANSTON-HOUSE STREET, LONDON.

The oldest Life Office on the Mutual system in the world.

The Invested Capital of the Equitable is more than twenty-eight times its renewal-premium income.

The whole working expenses of the Society average about 21 per cent. on its gross annual income.

It has never allowed Commission or employed Agents, whereby more than £2,000,000 have been saved to the Assured.

J. W. STEPHENSON, Actuary.

THE AGRA BANK, Limited.—Established in 1833.

CAPITAL, £1,000,000.

HEAD OFFICE.—NICHOLAS LANE, LOMBARD STREET, LONDON.

BRANCHES in Edinburgh, Calcutta, Bombay, Madras, Kurrachee, Agra, Lahore, Shanghai, Hong Kong.

Current Accounts are kept at the Head Office on the Terms customary with London Bankers, and interest allowed when the Credit Balance does not fall below £100.

Deposits received for fixed periods on the following terms, viz.:

At 5 per cent. per ann. subject to 12 months' Notice of Withdrawal.

For shorter periods Deposits will be received on terms to be agreed upon.

Bills issued at the current exchange of the day on any of the Branches of the Bank, free of extra charge; and Approved Bills purchased or sent for collection.

Sales and Purchases effected in British and Foreign Securities, in East India Stock and Loans, and the safe custody of the same undertaken.

Interest drawn, and Army, Navy, and Civil Pay and Pensions realized.

Every other description of Banking Business and Money Agency, British and Indian, transacted.

J. THOMSON, Chairman.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.—CARTER'S PATENT LITERARY

MACHINE for holding a Book, &c., in any position over a Bed, Sofa, or Chair. Price from 21s. Drawings free.—J. CARTER, 6A New Cavendish Street, Portico Place, London, W.

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